

E11092

WILLIAM TELL

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S HUNDRED BOOKS.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

1. HERODOTUS. Literally Translated from the Text of BAEHR, by HENRY CARY, M.A. 3s. 6d.
2. DARWIN'S VOYAGE OF A NATURALIST IN H.M.S. 'BEAGLE.' 2s. 6d.
3. THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS. Translated from the Greek by JEREMY COLLIER. 1s. 6d.
4. THE TEACHING OF EPICETUS. Translated from the Greek, with Introduction and Notes, by T. W. ROLLSTON. 1s. 6d.
5. BACON'S ESSAYS. With an Introduction by HENRY MORLEY, LL.D. 1s. 6d.
6. MILL'S POLITICAL ECONOMY. 3s. 6d.
7. CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. 3s. 6d.
8. SELF-HELP. By SAMUEL SMILES. 6s.
9. WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. 3s. 6d.
10. THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. 3s. 6d.
11. THE SHI KING; the Old 'Poetry Classic' of the Chinese. Translated by WILLIAM JENNINGS, M.A. 3s. 6d.
12. HOMER'S ILIAD AND ODYSSEY. Translated by ALEXANDER POPE. 3s. 6d.
13. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. Translated by JOHN DRYDEN. 1s. 6d.
14. MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS. 3s. 6d.
15. MILL'S SYSTEM OF LOGIC. 3s. 6d.
16. LEWES'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. 3s. 6d.
17. THACKERAY'S VANITY FAIR. 3s. 6d.
18. THE SHÁH NÁMEH OF THE PERSIAN POET FIRDAUSÍ. 3s. 6d.
19. CAPTAIN COOK'S THREE VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD. 3s. 6d.
20. GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. 1s. 6d.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S HUNDRED BOOKS

21

WILLIAM TELL

G. 2

BY

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL ROBINSON

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK

1892

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.,
F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.,

CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

IN the year 1886 I gave an address on 'Books and Reading' at the Working Men's College, which in the following year was printed as one of the chapters in my 'Pleasures of Life.'

In it I mentioned about one hundred names, and the list has been frequently referred to since as my list of 'the hundred best books.' That, however, is not quite a correct statement. If I were really to make a list of what are in my judgment the hundred greatest books, it would contain several—Newton's 'Principia,' for instance—which I did not include, and it would exclude several—the 'Koran,' for instance—which I inserted in deference to the judgment of others. Again, I excluded living authors, from some of whom—Ruskin and Tennyson, Huxley and Tyndall, for instance, to mention no others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and especially I expressly stated that I did not select the books on my own authority, but as being those most frequently mentioned with approval by those writers who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, rather than as suggestions of my own.

I have no doubt that on reading the list, many names of books which might well be added would occur to almost anyone. Indeed, various criticisms on the list have appeared, and many books have been mentioned which it is said ought to have been included. On the other hand, no corresponding omissions have been suggested. I have referred to several of the criticisms, and find that, while 300 or 400 names have been proposed for addition, only half a dozen are suggested for omission. Moreover, it is remarkable that not a single book appears in all the lists, or even in half of them, and only about half a dozen in more than one.

But while, perhaps, no two persons would entirely concur as to all the books to be included in such a list, I believe no one would deny that those suggested are not only good, but among the best.

I am, however, ready, and indeed glad, to consider any suggestions, and very willing to make any changes which can be shown to be improvements. I have, indeed, made two changes in the list as it originally

appeared, having inserted Kalidasa's 'Sakoontala, or The Ring,' and Schiller's 'William Tell'; omitting Lucretius, which is perhaps rather too difficult, and Miss Austen, as English novelists were somewhat over-represented.

Another objection made has been that the books mentioned are known to everyone, at any rate by name; that they are as household words. Everyone, it has been said, knows about Herodotus and Homer, Shakespeare and Milton. There is, no doubt, some truth in this. But even Lord Iddesleigh, as Mr. Lang has pointed out in his 'Life,' had never read Marcus Aurelius, and I may add that he afterwards thanked me warmly for having suggested the 'Meditations' to him.* If, then, even Lord Iddesleigh, 'probably one of the last of English statesmen who knew the literature of Greece and Rome widely and well,' had not read Marcus Aurelius, we may well suppose that others also may be in the same position. It is also a curious commentary on what was no doubt an unusually wide knowledge of classical literature that Mr. Lang should ascribe—and probably quite correctly—Lord Iddesleigh's never having had his attention called to one of the most beautiful and improving books in classical, or indeed in any other literature, to the fact that the emperor wrote in 'crabbed and corrupt Greek.'

Again, a popular writer in a recent work has observed that 'why anyone should select the best hundred, more than the best eleven, or the best thirty books, it is hard to conjecture.' But this remark entirely misses the point. Eleven books, or even thirty, would be very few; but no doubt I might just as well have given 90, or 110. Indeed, if our arithmetical notation had been duodecimal instead of decimal, I should no doubt have made up the number to 120. I only chose 100 as being a round number.

Another objection has been that everyone should be left to choose for himself. And so he must. No list can be more than a suggestion. But a great literary authority can hardly perhaps realize the difficulty of selection. An ordinary person turned into a library and sarcastically told to choose for himself, has to do so almost at haphazard. He may perhaps light upon a book with an attractive title, and after wasting on it much valuable time and patience, find that, instead of either pleasure or profit, he has weakened, or perhaps lost, his love of reading.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have conceived the idea of publishing the books contained in my list in a handy and cheap form, selecting themselves the editions which they prefer; and I believe that in doing so they will confer a benefit on many who have not funds or space to collect a large library.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

HIGH ELMS,
DOWN, KENT,
30 March, 1891.

* I have since had many other letters to the same effect.

Dramatis Personæ.

HERMAN GESLER, *Lord High Bailiff, and Imperial Governor
in Schwitz and Uri.*

WERNER BARON VON ATTINGHAUSEN.

ULRICH VON RUDENZ, *his Nephew.*

WERNER STAUFFACHER

CONRAD HUNN

ITEL REDING

HANS AUF DER MAUER } *Inhabitants of Schwitz.*

JORG IM HOFF

ULRICH, *the Smith*

JOST VON WEILER

WALTER FURST

WILLIAM TELL

ROSSELMAN, *the Priest*

PETERMAN, *the Sacristan* } *Inhabitants of Uri.*

KUONI, *the Shepherd*

WERNI, *the Hunter*

RUODI, *the Fisherman*

ARNOLD VON MELCHTAL

CONRAD BAUMGARTEN

MEIER VON SARNEN

STRUTH VON WINKELRIED } *Inhabitants of Unterwalden.*

KLAUS VON DER FLUE

BURKHARDT AM BUHEL

ARNOLD VON SEWA

PFEIFFER, *of Lucern.*

KUNZ VON GERSAU.

YENNI, *the Fisherman's Boy.*

SEPPI, *the Herdsman's Boy.*

GERTRUDE, STAUFFACHER'S *Wife.*

HEDWIG, TELL'S *Wife, and FURST'S Daughter.*

BERTHA VON BRUNEK, *a rich Heiress.*

ARMGART	}	<i>Peasant Women.</i>
MATILDA		
ELIZABETH		
HILDEGARD		
WALTER	}	<i>TELL'S Children.</i>
WILLIAM		
FRIESSHARDT	}	<i>Soldiers.</i>
LEUTHOLD		
RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, GESLER'S <i>Master of the Horse.</i>		
JOHN, <i>Duke of Swabia.</i>		
STUSSI.		
MESSENGER OF THE EMPIRE.		
SUPERINTENDENT.		
STONEMASON, WORKMEN, <i>and</i> LABOURERS.		
PUBLIC CRIER.		
BROTHERS OF MERCY.		
GESLER'S <i>and</i> LANDENBERGER'S TROOPERS.		
PEASANTS, WOMEN, <i>and</i> CHILDREN.		

ACT I.

WILLIAM TELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A high rocky shore on the lake of the four Cantons, opposite Schwitz. The lake forms a bay in the land: a cottage near the shore: a FISHER-BOY conducting a boat. Over the lake are seen the green meadows, villages, and farm-houses of Schwitz, illuminated by the sun. On the left of the spectator appear the peaks of the Haken surrounded with clouds: on the right, in the distance, the snow-mountains. Before the curtain rises are heard the Ranz-des-vaches, and the harmonious tinkling of the cow-bells, which are prolonged for some time into the opening act.*

FISHER-BOY [*in the boat, sings*].

The lake's smiling waters to bathing invite :
On the green shore the boy slumbers lost in delight

For the music he hears
Is of lutes soft and sweet,
Or the voices of angels
Who in paradise meet ;
And as he awakes to the joys of the blest,
The waters are murmuring over his breast,
From the deep cries a voice,
Thou art mine, lovely boy,
I entice the fond dreamer,
I lure to destroy !

SHEPHERD [*on the mountain*].

Ye meadows, farewell !
Ye green sunny pastures !
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone.
We shall hither return the mountains among,
When the cockoo calls, with the bird's early song,
When the vales their fresh vesture of flowers display,
And the fountains burst forth in the sunshine of May.
Ye meadows, farewell !
Ye green sunny pastures !
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone.

HUNTER OF THE ALPS [*appears opposite on the top of
the cliffs*].

The heights are thundering, and trembles the bridge,
But nought scares the hunter on yon dizzy ridge :

O'er mountains of ice
 Undaunted he goes,
 Where spring never blossoms,
 And flower never blows.

Below him an ocean of mist from his ken,
 Conceals in its darkness the dwellings of men ;
 Through the rents of clouds only
 The dim world is seen,
 Deep under the vapour
 The valleys of green.

The landscape changes : a hollow crackling is heard from the mountains : shadows of the clouds pass over the ground. RUODI, the fisherman, comes out of his hut ; WERNI, the hunter, descends from the rocks ; KUONI, the shepherd, enters with a milk-pail on his shoulders, followed by SEPPI, his assistant.

RUO. Yenni, make haste ! Draw in the nets ; be quick !

The gray lord-bailiff of the valley comes,
 A hollow crackling runs along the glacier,
 The Mytenstein draws on his cap, and cold
 Blows from the Wetterloch the rising blast.
 The storm be sure will reach us ere we think it.

KUO. Boatman, there will be rain : my sheep the grass

Crop greedily, and Watcher snuffs the ground.

WER. • The fish spring from the lake, the water-fowl

Dive down ! Be sure a tempest is at hand.

KUO. [*to the boy*]. Seppi, see that the kine go not astray.

SEP. I'm sure brown Lisel's there—I hear her bell.

KUO. Then all are there—she ever strays the farthest.

RUO. You have a noble ring of bells, my master.

WER. And handsome kine ! Are they your own, countryman ?

KUO. I'm not so rich. They are my worthy master's,

Count Attinghausen—I am but his servant.

RUO. How prettily the riband decks yon cow !

KUO. And well she knows too that she leads the herd,

And should I take it off would cease to feed.

RUO. You are a fool ! A beast deprived of reason——

WER. That is soon said—but brutes have reason too :

That we know well who have to hunt the chamois :
They wisely station, when they seek the pasture,
A sentinel who pricks his ears and warns
With a shrill whistle when the hunter nears them.

RUO. [*to the SHEPHERD*]. Go ye now home ?

KUO. The Alp is pastured down.

WER. A happy journey home !

KUO. The same to you !

Journeys like yours conduct not always back.

RUO. Here comes a man running as though he flew.

WER. I know him well—'tis Baumgart of Alstellen.

Enter CONRAD BAUMGARTEN, breathless.

CON. For God's sake, boatman, loose your boat!

RUO. Well! well!

But why in such a hurry?

CON. Quick! unloose it!

Put me but over, and you save my life.

KUO. But what's the matter, countryman?

WER. Who pursues you?

CON. Quick! quick! they are already at my heels.
The bailiff's troopers ride hard after me:

If they but take me, I am a dead man!

RUO. But wherefore do the troopers follow you?

CON. First save my life, then will I talk with you!

WER. You are bestained with blood! What is
the matter?

CON. The Emperor's bailiff who upon the Ross-
berg——

KUO. What, Wolfenschiessen! does he follow you?

CON. He will do harm no more, for—I have slain
him.

ALL [*stepping back*]. Now, God be gracious! where-
fore did you so?

CON. What every freeman in my place had done,
I've done—avenged the insult of my house
On the base wronger of my wife and honour,

Kuo. Did he then venture aught against your honour?

CON. That he did not fulfil his bad intent,
Have righteous heaven and this good axe prevented.

WER. What! with the hatchet then you clove his head?

Kuo. Oh, let us hear it all! you still have time,
Whilst he the boat is loosing from the shore.

CON. Whilst I was felling wood within the forest,
My wife came running in the greatest anguish;
The governor was lying at our house,
And had commanded to prepare a bath,
Then more, and unbecoming, had attempted;
She had sprung forth to seek me: home I ran,
And with my axe in hand have blessed his bath.

WER. And you did well! no man can blame you for it.

Kuo. The tyrant! he has met at last the fate
He long has merited from Unterwalden!

CON. The deed was public—they are after me:
Whilst we are speaking, God! the time runs on.

[It begins to thunder.]

Kuo. Quick! boatman, quick! and put the brave man over.

Ruo. It cannot be—a fearful storm is coming!
You must wait here a little.

CON. Holy God!
I cannot wait: each moment may be death.

Enter TELL, with his crossbow.

TELL. Who is the man that here entreats assistance ?

KUO. 'Tis an Alzeller man, who to defend
His honour has the Wolfenschiessen slain,
The bailiff who upon the Rossberg dwelt.
The bailiff's troopers are upon his heels :
The boatman he implores to bear him over,
Who trembles at the storm, and will not venture.

RUO. Here is the Tell—he too can steer the bark,
And he shall tell us if 'tis possible.

[Repeated thunder : the lake roars loudly.]

It were to plunge into the jaws of hell,
A thing no man would do who had his senses.

TELL. The truly brave thinks last of his own
safety ;

Trust thou in God, and succour the distressed.

RUO. From the safe port 'tis easy to advise !
There is the boat, and there the water !—try !

TELL. The water may—the bailiff will not pity :
Attempt it, boatman !

ALL. Save him ! save him ! save him !

RUO. Were it my brother, or my only child,
It could not be ! 'Tis Simon and Jude's feast,
The lake is raging, and will have its victim.

TELL. With idle talking nothing can be done,
Time presses on, the man must be assisted !
Speak, boatman ! will you venture ?

RUO. No! not I!

TELL. In God's name then, give me the boat—
I will

With my poor skill and feeble arm attempt it.

KUO. Ah! noble Tell!

WER. 'Tis like the gallant hunter!

CON. You are my saviour and my angel, Tell.

TELL. Well may I save you from the bailiff's
power,

But from the tempest's rage another must;

Yet better 'tis you fall into God's hands

Than into those of men! [To the SHEPHERD.

Countryman! thou

Comfort my wife if aught of evil happen!

I have but done what I could not leave undone.

[He springs into the boat.

KUO. [to the FISHERMAN]. You are a master
steersman—what the Tell

Has bravely dared might you not, too, have ventured?

RUO. Far better men than I would never dare

What Tell has dared—there live not two like
him

In the whole circuit of the mountains round.

WER. [who has climbed the rocks]. He pushes off!

God help thee now, brave seaman!

See how the little bark is sorely tossed!

KUO. [on the shore]. The billows sweep clean over
it! 'tis gone!

But hold! 'tis there again! How gallantly

The adventurous boatman labours through the breakers !

SEP. The bailiff's troopers at full speed are coming.

KUO. By Heaven, they are so ! here was help at need !

Enter some of LANDENBERGER'S TROOPERS.

1ST TROOPER. Give up the murderer, whom ye here conceal !

2ND TROOPER. He came this way ; in vain ye try to hide him !

KUO. *and* RUO. Whom mean ye, troopers ?

1ST TROOPER [*discovering the boat*]. Ah ! what see I ? Hell !

WER. [*above*]. Is't he in yonder boat ye seek ?
Ride on,

And if ye follow hard ye yet may take him !

2ND TROOPER. Curse him ! escaped !

1ST TROOPER [*to the PEASANT*].

You have assisted him,
And you shall pay for it ! Fall on their cattle,
Destroy their cottage—burn and beat it down !

[*They push forward.*

SEP. [*hurrying after*]. O my poor lambs !

KUO. [*following*]. Alas for me ! my herds !

WER. Oh ! murderous tyranny !

RUO. [*wringing his hands*]. Justice of heaven !
When will a saviour come to this poor land !

[*He follows them.*]

SCENE II.—*At Steinen, in Schwitz. A lime-tree before STAUFFACHER'S house, on the high road near the bridge. Enter WERNER STAUFFACHER and PFEIFFER of Lucern in conversation.*

PFE. Once more, my friend, remember what I've told you :

Swear not to Austria, if you can avoid it :
Hold to the Empire firm as hitherto,
And God preserve you in your ancient freedom !

STA. Yet wait the coming of my wife—you are
My guest at Schwitz, as I at Lucern yours.

PFE. I thank you much, but must to-day to Gersau.
Whatever you may have to suffer still
From the harsh rule and avarice of your bailiff,
Bear it in patience ! Other days may come,
Another Emperor may direct the Empire :
But Austria's once, you're Austria's for ever.

[*He goes out. STAUFFACHER sits down gloomily on the bench under the lime-tree, where he is found by GERTRUDE, who observes him for some time in silence.*]

GER. So serious, my friend ! I scarcely know thee.
For many a day I have remarked in silence
How dark reflection furrows o'er thy brow.

Some silent sorrow presses on thy heart :
Trust it to me—I am thy faithful wife,
And well may claim my portion of thy sorrows.

[He gives her his hand, but is silent.]

What can afflict thy bosom ? Let me know it !
Blessed is thy labour, prosperous are thy fortunes,
Full are thy stores, complete the herds of cattle,
Of strong and well-fed horses a sleek train
Is from the mountains happily returned
To winter in their warm and convenient stalls.
There stands thy house, rich as a nobleman's,
Of handsome and substantial timber built,
Newly repaired, and artfully disposed :
Its glancing windows speak of inward comfort,
With various coats-of-arms 'tis painted o'er,
And with wise proverbs, which the wanderer
Remains to ponder, and admires their sense.

STA. Well is the house adorned, and firmly built ;
But, ah ! the ground on which it stands is hollow.

GER. Tell me, my Werner, what it is you mean.

STA. Lately I sat beneath this very lime,
As here I sat to-day, and, pleased, reviewed
My favourite schemes so happily accomplished ;
When by there came from Kusnacht, his proud castle,
The governor and his men. Before this house
He paused, and seemed to wonder. I arose,
And with submission due the lord approached,
Chosen within this land to represent
The Emperor's rightful power. 'Whose is this house?'

Asked he maliciously, for he knew well !
With wary caution therefore I replied,
‘ This house, sir, is my fief, held of the Emperor,
Your feudal lord and mine.’ Whereon he answered,
‘ The Emperor’s vicegerent here I stand,
And will not that the boor should build his house
In surly independence, and live free,
As though he were the master in the land :
It shall be my care to prevent such doings.’
So saying, he rode off with ominous mien,
And I remained revolving anxiously
The threatening of his dark malignant mind.

GER. My honoured lord and husband ! mightest
thou

Receive an honest counsel from thy wife ?
I boast myself the noble Iberg’s daughter,
The much experienced man. We sisters sat
Spinning the wool through the long winter nights,
When at our father’s house assembled oft
The leaders of the people to peruse
The ancient charters which the Emperors gave,
And the best interests of the land discuss.
I marked attentive many a prudent word,
The wise man’s counsel, and the good man’s wish,
Which in my bosom carefully I stored.
Refuse not then to hear me—long I’ve known
The secret care that presses on thy soul.
The bailiff hates—would gladly ruin thee,
For that thou art a hindrance to his views,

And wouldst not that the Swiss should be subjected

To the new princely house, but firm and true
Hold to the Empire, as their fathers did.

Is't not so, Werner? Is not this the truth?

STA. It is: this is the reason Gesler hates me.

GER. Yes! he is envious of thee, that thou dwell'st
A free man on thine own inheritance:
For he has none. From the Emperor himself
And Empire holdest thou immediately
This house in fief, on independent terms,
As e'er the proudest noble held his lands.
Over thee thou acknowledgest no master,
Save him—the mightiest in Christendom.
But he, a younger brother of his house,
Can boast of nothing, nothing call his own,
Save the insignia of his knightly rank.
Therefore he looks on every happier lot
With jaundiced eye of poisonous suspicion.
Long has he sworn thy ruin—yet thou stand'st
Uninjured! Wilt thou wait till, quite prepared,
The wretch shall heap his vengeance on thy head?
The prudent man prevents.

STA. What's to be done?

GER. Hear my advice. Thou know'st how here
at Schwitz

All honest men lament the tyranny
And avarice of this bailiff. So, doubt not,
That they in Uri and in Unterwalden

Are sick of like oppression, and the yoke
Would fling off gladly. For, as Gesler here,
So Landenberger with like insolence
Bears himself yonder. Not a fishing-boat
Comes o'er the lake which brings not to our ears
Intelligence of some fresh cruelty,
Some lawless stretch of power. Therefore 'twere well
That some of you who mean it honestly
Should secretly assemble, and advise
How best this sore oppression to remove :
And sure I am that God would not forsake you,
But to the righteous cause would gracious prove.
In Uri hast thou not some friend to whom
Thou freely mayst unbosom all thy soul ?

STA. Yes, I know yonder many a gallant heart,
Many respected noble gentlemen,
Who well deserve my closest confidence. [Rises.
Wife ! what a storm of wild and dangerous thoughts
Hast thou awakened in my quiet breast !
Thy inmost soul thou hast arrayed against me,
Turning it outward to the light of day ;
And what I scarce durst whisper to myself,
With fluent tongue hast lightly spoken out !
But hast thou well bethought thee what thou dost ?
The wild confusion and the din of arms
Wouldst thou recall into these peaceful valleys ?
Shall we, a timid race of shepherds, dare
To meet in fight the masters of the world ?
A fair pretence is all they seek to pour

Their savage hordes on this unhappy land,
To exercise therein the rights of conquerors,
And, under colour of fit retribution,
Destroy the ancient charters of our freedom.

GER. Ye too are men, and know to wield the axe,
Essay your fortune: God assists the just.

STA. O wife! a fearful, raging fiend is war,
It slays alike the shepherd and the sheep!

GER. Man must endure what Heaven is pleased to
send,
No noble heart can learn to bear injustice.

STA. This house delights thee, which we just have
finished;
The monster war will burn it to the ground.

GER. Thought I this heart were fixed on earthly
goods,
This hand should be the first to fling the brand.

STA. Thou think'st of soft humanity! but war
Spares not the smiling infant in its cradle.

GER. Innocence ever has a friend in Heaven!
Look forwards, dearest Werner, not behind you.

STA. We men may perish bravely on the field;
But you, my Gertrude, what would be your fate?

GER. Even to the weakest the last choice is open.
A spring from yonder bridge should set me free.

STA. [*rushing into her arms*]. Who to his bosom
presses such a heart
Will fight with transport for his house and home,
And fear the armies of no earthly king.

To Uri will I go immediately :
There lives a friend I value, Walter Furst,
Who on these weighty matters thinks as I do.
There shall I find the noble baron too,
Von Attinghaus, who, though of lofty rank,
The people loves, and honours the old customs.
With both of these will I consult how best
To drive the proud oppressor from the land.
Farewell, dear wife ! and whilst I am afar,
Thy house conduct with prudent management.
To the poor pilgrim journeying to God's house,
The pious monk who gathers for his convent,
Give liberally, and dismiss him well provided.
Stauffacher's house shuns not the sight—it stands
By the wayside, a hospitable roof
For every traveller who desires its shelter.

[They retire towards the background.]

Enter WILLIAM TELL, with BAUMGARTEN.

TELL *[to BAUMGARTEN]*. You have no further need
of my assistance.

Enter but yonder house—there will you find
The Stauffacher, a father of the oppressed.
But see ! he's here himself. Follow me ! Come.

[They retire.]

SCENE III.—*An open place at Altorf. On an eminence in the background is seen a fort in the act of being built, and which has proceeded so far that the form of the whole is visible. Scaffolding : various WORKPEOPLE going up and down. All is in agitation and motion.*

SUPERINTENDENT, MASTER STONEMASON, WORKMEN, and LABOURERS.

SUP. [*urging on the WORKPEOPLE with a stick*].

Methinks you've rested long enough ! Come, quick !

Bring up the lime, the mortar, and the stone,
That when the governor comes, he may perceive
Something is done. These people creep like snails !
[*To LABOURERS, who are carrying.*

Call you that carrying ? Quick, let it be doubled :
How these vile thieves contrive to rob their masters !

1ST WOR. 'Tis very hard that we the stones should
drag

That are ourselves to awe and be our dungeon !

SUP. What ! are you grumbling ? 'Tis a worthless race,

And fit for nothing, save their kine to milk,
And idly lounge about upon their mountains.

OLD MAN [*rests*]. I can no more !

SUP. [*shaking him*]. Up, old man, to your labour !

1ST WOR. Have you no bowels, that the hoary head

Which scarce can bear itself, you thus compel
To such hard service?

SEVERAL. It cries out to Heaven!

SUP. Mind your own business—I but do my duty.

2ND WOR. Superintendent, how will it be named,
This fort which we are building here?

SUP. Keep Uri—
And with this keep we'll bow you to the yoke.

WOR. Keep Uri?

SUP. Why do you laugh?

2ND WOR. Think you
With such a thing as this to keep down Uri?

1ST WOR. How many of such molehills must you pile

One on the other but the least to equal
Of all the mountains that are found in Uri?

[SUPERINTENDENT goes towards the background.]

MAS. STONE. Into the deepest lake I'll cast the
hammer
Which served to forward this accursed work!

Enter TELL and STAUFFACHER.

STA. Oh! that I ne'er had lived to see this day!

TELL. 'Tis not good to be here! Let us go
further.

STA. Am I in Uri—in the land of freedom?

STONE. Oh, sir ! if you had only seen the dungeon
Beneath these towers ! Yes ! yes ! he who dwells
there

Will never hear the cock crow more.

STA.

O God !

STONE. Look at these buttresses, these bastions,
Which stand intended for eternity.

TELL. What hands have built, hands also may
destroy :

That house of freedom God Himself has founded.

[*Pointing to the mountains.*]

*A drum is heard. PEOPLE enter, carrying a hat upon
a stick, followed by a PUBLIC CRIER : WOMEN
and CHILDREN rush in tumultuously.*

1ST WOR. What is that drum ? Give your atten-
tion ! listen !

STONE. What means this strange procession, and
that hat ?

CRIER. In the Emperor's name ! hear !

WOR.

Be still, and listen !

CRIER. Ye see this hat, inhabitants of Uri :

It will be hung upon the lofty pillar

Which crowns the highest eminence in Altorf.

And this is the lord bailiff's will and pleasure :

This hat shall be respected as himself,

And you shall honour it with bended knee,

And with uncovered head : so shall the king

Know those who proffer him willing obedience.
Whoso despises and neglects this order
Shall forfeit goods and person to the king.

*[A loud laugh ; the drum beats, and the procession
passes on.]*

1ST WOR. What new unheard-of folly has the
bailiff

Invented now? What! we respect a hat?
What man could ever dream of such a thing!

STONE. We to a hat bow down the knee!
Absurd!

Trifles he thus with honest worthy people?

1ST WOR. If it were but the imperial crown!
But 'tis

The hat of Austria! I've seen it hang
Over the throne where vassals do their homage.

STONE. The hat of Austria! Mark! 'tis some
device

To place us in the power of Austria!

WOR. No honest man would stoop to such dis-
grace.

STONE. Come! let us go, and counsel with the
rest.

[They retire.]

TELL *[to STAUFFACHER]*. You now know all, and
so, good sir, farewell!

STA. But wherefore in such haste? yet stay
awhile.

TELL. My house requires the father. Fare ye well !

STA. Full is my heart, and yearns to speak with you.

TELL. The heavy heart is not made light by words.

STA. Words may perchance conduct us on to deeds.

TELL. The only deeds are now—patience and silence.

STA. Shall we then bear what is intolerable ?

TELL. Who govern rashly, govern shortly too.

When the storm rises from the dark abyss,
Men quench their fires, in haste the vessel seeks
The sheltering haven ; and the mighty spirit
Walks scarce observed and harmless o'er the earth.
Let each but tarry quietly at home—
The peaceful man is gladly left in peace.

STA. Think you so ?

TELL. Unprovoked, the serpent stings not—
They will at last grow weary of themselves,
So they but see the land continue tranquil.

STA. We could do much did we but stand together.

TELL. Yet when the shipwrecked vessel goes to pieces
Each individual better helps himself.

STA. So coldly do you leave the common cause ?

TELL. Each one may safest count on his own strength.

We were a happy people, but with you
Despair has entered the abodes of peace.

BER. [*to the SUPERINTENDENT, who returns*]. Lives
he ?

[*He makes a sign to the contrary.*]

Unhappy castle, built with curses,
With curses doomed to be inhabited !

SCENE IV. — WALTER FURST'S house. WALTER
FURST and ARNOLD VON MELCHTAL enter at the
same time on opposite sides.

MEL. Sir ! Walter Furst ?

FUR. What if they should surprise us !
Stay where you are ! We are hemmed round by
spies.

MEL. Bring you no news from Unterwalden ?
none

Of my poor father ? I will brook no longer
My time to waste an idle prisoner here.
What have I done that bears so deep a dye
That I should hide me like a murderer ?
Have I done aught but broken with my staff
The finger of a saucy forward boy,
Who at the bailiff's bidding would have gladly
My lovely team of oxen driven away
Before my very eyes ?

FUR. You are too quick. •
That boy was the lord bailiff's, and was sent,

A messenger of justice, to collect
The fine you had incurred, and which, though hard,
You should have borne in silence.

MEL.

Borne in silence !

What ! and the sneering message which the lad
Brought from his shameless master ? ‘ Tell the
boor,

If he loves bread, that he may learn himself
To drag the plough.’ It cut me to the heart
To see the oxen loosened from the yoke.
The noble beasts lowed dismally, and their horns
Brandished, as though themselves felt the injustice.
Then, with excusable resentment fired,
No longer master of myself, I struck him.

FUR. Oh ! scarcely can we govern our own hearts !
How then shall hasty youth subdue its passions !

MEL. I grieve for nothing save my father—he
Needs such attention, and his son so far !
Besides the bailiff hates him, that he ever
Has pleaded honestly our rights and freedom.
Now, therefore, will they crush the poor old man,
While none is near to save him from oppression.
Happen what will to me, I must away !

FUR. Yet stay awhile—collect yourself, be patient,
Until some news arrive from Unterwalden.
I hear a knocking ! Go ! perchance it is
A message from the bailiff. Go !—in Uri
You are not safe from Landenberger’s arm,
For tyrants hold the hand to one another.

MEL. They teach us what we ought to do.

FUR.

Go in!

If all is safe, I will recall you. Go! [*He goes in.*

Unhappy boy! I dare not tell him all

My heart forebodes of evil! Who knocks there?

Oft as the door opes I expect to see

Enter misfortune. Treachery and suspicion

In every corner lurk. The slaves of power

Invade the deep recesses of each house,

And soon I fear will force us bolts to seek,

And barriers to protect our very doors.

[*He opens the door, and steps back astonished as*

STAUFFACHER enters.

What see I? Werner! you! Now by my soul

A worthy and dear guest! No better man

Has ever placed his foot across this threshold:

Welcome to-day, as ever, to my roof!

What brings you here? What seek you here in

Uri?

STA. [*giving him his hand*]. The good old times,
and good old Switzerland!

FUR. These bring you with you! See! at sight
of you

High leaps my heart, and seems to enjoy new life.

Seat yourself, Werner! Tell me, how is Gertrude,

Your excellent wife, the sage and prudent daughter

Of the wise Iberg? Not a traveller comes

From Germany by Meinrad's Zell to Italy;

Who speaks not of your hospitable house.

But did you come too quickly from Fluellen,
Or had you time aught that deserved attention
To note, e'er you set foot upon this threshold ?

STA. [*seating himself*]. Yes ! yes ! I saw astonished
a new work,
Which gave me little pleasure to behold.

FUR. O friend ! a single glance has told you all !

STA. In Uri such a thing was never heard of !
Within the memory of man has been
No fortress here—no dungeon but the grave.

FUR. You name it well—it is the grave of freedom !

STA. I will keep nothing from you, friend ! I
come,
Not led by idle curiosity,
For anxious cares oppress me. I have left
Sorrow at home, and sorrow find I here.
No longer is it possible to bear
What we have borne ; nor, could we still endure it,
Can we perceive a limit to our woes.
Free was the Swiss from ancient times till now :
They called us happy—scarcely had been heard
The voice of mourning in the land since first
The herdsman drove his herds upon these mountains.

FUR. 'Tis quite without example how they drive
us !

Even the noble Attinghausen, who
The former times has seen, avows himself

This misery is no longer to be borne.

STA. In Unterwalden yonder 'tis the same,
And bloody has the retribution been !
The Emperor's bailiff, Wolfenschiessen, who
Upon the Rossberg dwelt, has wantonly
Longed for forbidden fruit, Baumgarten's wife
Sought to mislead, and with resentment fired
The indignant husband slew him with his axe.

FUR. Heaven's judgments still are righteous ! Who
did this ?

Baumgarten, say you ? Excellent young man !
But is he safe, and is he well concealed ?

STA. Tell bore him o'er the lake, and now at
Steinen

He lies concealed with me : but full report
Has the same messenger from Sarnen brought
Of an event more dreadful, which the heart
Of every generous man must cause to bleed.

FUR. [*attentive*]. What is it ? say !

STA. In Melchtal, where at Kerns
The traveller enters, dwells an upright man,
Known by the name of Henry von der Halden,
His lineage in those parts not quite unknown.

FUR. Who knows not that ! But what of him ?
Proceed.

STA. The son for some slight error had incurred
A penalty, and Landenberger sent
The fine to levy, but when he who came
To execute the order would have seized

His oxen, the best pair of all the yoke,
The youth, impelled by anger, struck the knave
And fled.

FUR. The father! What became of him?

STA. The father was commanded to appear
In Landenberger's presence, and instantly
Produce the son: and when the poor old man
Swore that in truth he knew not where he was,
The tyrant bade his executioners
Enter—

FUR. [*springs up and would lead him to the other side*].
Oh, silence!

STA. [*with increasing animation*]. "He may have
escaped,
But I have thee. Quick! fling him to the ground,
And with the pointed steel bore out his eyes."

FUR. Merciful heaven!

MEL. [*rushing out*]. Bore out his eyes, said you?

STA. [*astonished, to WALTER FURST*]. Who is that
youth?

MEL. [*grasping him with convulsive agitation*]. Oh!
answer me! His eyes?

FUR. Oh! the unhappy boy!

STA. Who is the youth?

[FURST makes him a sign.]

It is the son? All-righteous God!

MEL. And I

Must be away so far! What! both his eyes?

FUR. Compose yourself, and bear it like a man!

MEL. And on account of me—my fault alone !
Blind too ! What ! really and completely blind ?

STA. Too true ! 'tis drained—the fountain of his
sight !

The light of day he never will see more !

FUR. Spare, spare his sorrow !

MEL. Never—never again !

*[He presses his hand upon his eyes and is silent
some moments, then continues in a softer
voice, interrupted with tears.]*

Oh ! 'tis a noble, noble gift of Heaven,
The gift of light. Each being lives on light,
And all creation feels its gladdening power !
The plants themselves turn joyful to the light :
And he amidst the night must groping sit
Of an eternal darkness. Him revives
No longer the warm meadow's vivid green ;
No more can he the floweret's melting dyes,
The roseate-tinted glacier more behold.
To die—is nothing—nothing ! but to live,
And not to see—is misery indeed !
Why do you look at me so piteously !
I have two glistening eyes, and cannot give
One to my poor blind father—not a ray—
The faintest glimmering of that flood of light
Which bursts upon my eyes in dazzling splendour.

STA. Still more, alas ! I must increase your grief,
In place of healing it. There needed more :
The tyrant has seized all that he possessed,

And nothing left him, save the staff with which,
Naked and blind, from door to door he wanders.

MEL. Nought but a staff left to the dark old man !
Deprived of all, even of the sun's fair light,
The common blessing of the meanest beggar !
Tell me no more of tarrying and concealment !
Why, what a miserable wretch was I,
Meanly for my own safety to provide,
And not for thine—thy valued head to leave
A pledge within the tyrant's hands ! Farewell,
Cowardly prudence ! Henceforth I will think
Of nothing, save of bloody retribution.
I will away—none here shall keep me longer
From the inhuman bailiff to demand
My father's eyes. Encompassed by his guards,
I'll find him out—my life I count at nothing,
So I but cool my intolerable anguish
In his life's blood. [*Going.*

FUR. Be counselled ! stay awhile !
What could you do 'gainst him ? He sits at Sarnen
In his proud castle Herrenburg, and laughs
From his safe fortress at your powerless anger.

MEL. And did he dwell amidst the icy ramparts
Which crown the Shreckhorn—or where higher still,
Veiled since eternity, the Jungfrau stands,
Thither I'd force my way—with twenty comrades,
Minded like me, would storm his fastnesses.
And should no mortal follow—should you all,
Trembling to lose your houses and your herds,

Bow to the tyrant's yoke—the herdsmen then
Will I assemble from their mountain dwellings,
'Neath the free roof of heaven—and where the
soul

Still keeps its freshness, and the heart is sound,
Loudly proclaim these foul enormities.

STA. [*to FURST*]. 'Tis at the height—why should
we longer wait,
Till to extremity——

MEL. What extremity ?
What is there more to dread, when thus the eye
Within its socket is no longer safe ?
Are we defenceless ? Wherefore did we learn
To bend the crossbow, and the weight to urge
Of the stern battle-axe ? To every creature
Is given a hold of hope, to which it clings
In the dark hour of anguish and despair !
The timid hart, exhausted, turns to bay,
And with its fearful antlers scares the hounds ;
The chamois tears the hunter down the abyss ;
The very ox—the sharer of man's cares,
The gentle inmate of his house, who bows
His powerful neck in patience to the yoke—
Springs up, provoked, sharpens his dreadful horn,
And tosses to the sky his helpless foe.

FUR. If the three lands but thought as we three
think,
Something, perchance, might happily be accom-
plished.

STA. When Uri calls, and Unterwalden helps,
The Schwitzer still the ancient league will honour.

MEL. Not few the friends I count in Unterwalden,
And each his dearest life-blood would not spare,
If back to back supported by the rest.

O venerable fathers of this land,
I stand between you here, the old in wisdom,
Only a youth ; amidst the assembled people
My voice must modestly be silent. Yet,
Although I be but young, though many years
Have not matured my prudence, scorn not, there-
fore,

My counsel or my speech. For not the heat
Of young and hasty blood urges me on,
But deep, heart-piercing anguish, that might move
The flinty rocks themselves to pity me.
Yourselves are fathers—heads of families,
And would not you a virtuous son desire,
To honour your gray hairs, and piously
Your aged sight protect ? Oh ! do not then,
Because the oppressor's hand has not yet touched
Your fortunes or yourselves—because your eyes
Still move uninjured in their glistening spheres,
Look strangely on my sorrows. Over you
Hangs the same sword of tyranny—the land
You too have sought to turn away from Austria :
This was my father's only fault—and you
Have shared like guilt—must share like condem-
nation.

STA. [*to* WALTER FURST]. Do you resolve, I am prepared to follow.

FUR. Yet let us hear what say the noble barons,
Von Sillinen and Attinghaus—their names
Will win us friends, and strongly back our cause.

MEL. Where are the names within our mountain
vales
Worthier than yours, and yours? To names like
these

The people bow their faith, and in the land
They are of good report. You have received
A rich inheritance of paternal virtue,
Which has lost nothing in your hands. Why then
Need we the nobles? Let us do ourselves
The work we have to do; nor will I doubt
That, even alone, we could defend ourselves.

STA. The nobles are by like necessity
Urged not. The stream which rages in the valleys
Has not yet reached the heights. But when the land
Is once in arms their aid will not be wanting.

FUR. Were there an umpire between us and
Austria,
Then law and justice might decide the cause:
But our oppressor is our Emperor too,
And judge supreme—and, therefore, God must help
us

Through our own arm. Do you the men of Schwitz
Attempt to rouse—I will find friends in Uri:
But whom to send to Unterwalden?

MEL.

Me !

That be my care : to whom can it be nearer ?

FUR. I cannot yield to that—you are my guest,
And I, your host, must answer for your safety !

MEL. I know each secret path—each mountain
pass,
And shall not want for friends, who from the foe
Will guard my steps, and find me food and shelter.

STA. God will protect him ! Yonder is no traitor !
The tyranny is so utterly detested,
That it can find no instrument. Baumgarten
Will in the lower country friends procure,
And raise the land.

MEL. But how impart the news
Of what we do, and not excite suspicion ?

STA. At Brunnen, or at Treib, we might assemble,
Where meet the merchants to discharge their vessels.

FUR. We may not push the affair too openly.
Hear my suggestion. Left of the lake to him
Who sails towards Brunnen, and directly opposite
The Mytenstein, lies a secluded meadow,
Bosomed in wood—the shepherds call it Rutli,
Because the forest thence is rooted out.

There meet the boundaries of your land and ours,

[To MELCHTAL.

There stands the landmark, and an easy passage

[To STAUFFACHER.

Thither from Schwitz conducts the light canoe.
By paths but rarely trod we may repair

Thither by night, and spend the solemn hour
In secret council ; thither too may bring
Each man ten others, minded like himself,
Whom he can safely trust, and there in common
Advise what most is proper to be done.

STA. So let it be determined. Now, your hand—
Now give me yours ! As we three honestly,
Free from all guile and falsehood, here join hands,
So the three lands shall firmly stand together,
For freedom or destruction—life or death.

FUR. *and* MEL. For life or death !

*[They stand for some time hand in hand, and are
silent.]*

MEL. Alas ! my poor blind father !
Thou wilt no longer see the day of freedom,
But thou shalt hear it ! When from Alp to Alp
The blazing beacons toss their flames on high,
And the proud castles of the tyrants fall,
The joyful Swiss shall seek thy humble dwelling,
Thine ear shall drink the tidings of our freedom,
And day once more arise upon thy darkness.

ACT II.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Hall, ornamented with coats-of-arms, in the Castle of the BARON VON ATTINGHAUSEN. The BARON, a gray-headed old man, of lofty and commanding stature, leaning on a stick tipped with the horn of a chamois and dressed in fur garments. KUONI and six other SERVANTS stand around him with rakes and scythes. Enter ULRICH VON RUDENZ, in the garb of a knight.*

RUD. What is your pleasure, uncle ?

ATT.

First permit

That, following the old custom of my house,
I take the morning draught amidst my servants.

[He drinks out of a goblet, which he passes to the rest in succession.]

Once I was wont myself in field and wood
To lead them forth, myself to share their labours,
As when my banner led them to the field.
But now I can but play the overlooker,
And if the genial sun comes not to me
I can no longer seek it on the mountains.

And so in narrower and still narrower circle,
With feeble steps I journey onwards, towards
The narrowest and last, where life stands still—
Scarcely the shade of what I was—and soon
Only to be a name.

KUO. [*offering the cup to RUDENZ*]. Young man, I
pledge you. [*As he hesitates to take it.*]
Come, cheerily! 'Tis from one cup, one heart.

ATT. Go, children! When the festive evening
calls
From finished labour, once again assembled,
Will we the interests of the land discuss.
[SERVANTS *retire*.]

ATTINGHAUSEN *and* RUDENZ.

ATT. I see thee on the alert, and well appointed!
Wilt thou to Altorf—to the Herrenburg?

RUD. Yea, uncle, and I tarry here too long.

ATT. [*seating himself*]. Art thou in such a hurry?
Has thy youth

So sparingly been measured out to thee,
That thou must save it from thy poor old uncle?

RUD. I see you have no longer need of me.
I am become a stranger in this house.

ATT. [*regarding him steadfastly for some time*]. Alas!
'tis but too true! Alas! that home
To thee is a strange place! O Uly! Uly!
I know thee now no more. I see thee deck
In costly silk thy limbs, across thy shoulder

The purple mantle fling, and vauntingly
Bear the proud peacock's feather in thy cap :
The peasant thou regardest with disdain,
And sham'st thee of his honest manly greeting.

RUD. I yield him willingly all honour due.
What he would claim of right I shall refuse him.

ATT. Thou know'st how the whole land feels
grievously

The anger of the king. Each honest heart
Is filled with anguish for the dreadful woes
We are compelled to suffer. Thee alone
Moves not the general sorrow—thee we see,
Renouncing friends and kindred, range thyself
Upon the stranger's side ; our wretched state
Deriding, carelessly the chase pursue
Of airy joys, and meanly stoop to court
A prince's favours, whilst thy native land
Bleeds from the heavy scourge of his oppression.

RUD. The land is sore oppressed—and why, my
uncle ?

Who has reduced it to this sore distress ?
One little word is all that is required
To free us from the oppression, and to win us
A gracious master ! Woe then !—woe to those
Who blind the people that they may not see
Their own best interests—who, for private ends,
Strive to mislead the country, and prevent it
From swearing to acknowledge Austria's power,
As all the countries round about have done.

Yes, yes; it suits them well — these haughty
peasants,

To sit with nobles in the rank of lords!

These men desire the Emperor for their master,
That they may have no master but themselves.

ATT. Must I hear this, and hear it from thy
mouth?

RUD. Let me proceed in answer to your question.

What kind of part is it which you, my uncle,
Yourself play here? Have you no higher pride,
Than as Landamman, or as Banneret,
To rule a small and pitiful tribe of shepherds?
How! Were it not a far more splendid choice
Homage to render to a kingly master,
And court fair honour in his glorious camp;
Than here to sit, the peer of your own servants,
And share the seat of justice with the peasant?

ATT. Ah, Ulrich! Ulrich! Well I recognise
Seduction's flattering voice. Thine open ear
Has it usurped—has poisoned thy free soul.

RUD. Yes! I will not deny—the stranger's scorn,
Who calls us tauntingly the peasant-nobles,
Sinks deep into my heart. I cannot brook
That while the generous youth who thither throng
Gather proud laurels under Hapsburg's banners,
I must pine idly on my own estate,
And in the dull routine of common duties
My spring of life consume. While splendid deeds

Are elsewhere doing, and a world of glory
Opens its dazzling scenes beyond these mountains,
My helm and shield hang rusting in the hall;
The inspiring music of the martial clarion,
The herald's voice inviting to the tourney,
Break not the stillness of these peaceful valleys—
Nought but the shepherd-songs, and shepherd-bells,
Which tire me with their dull monotony.

ATT. O blinded and seduced by idle pomp,
Despise the land that bore thee, laugh to scorn
The ancient pious manners of thy fathers!
The time will come when thou with burning tears
Shalt fondly sigh for these thy native mountains;
This rude untutored shepherd minstrelsy,
Which now thy foolish pride disdains to admire,
Shall press upon thy soul with painful yearnings,
If once in foreign land it meet thine ear.
Resistless is the impulse which impels us
Back to our native soil. The strange false world
Was never made for thee: with thy true heart
Wilt thou in yon imperial Court remain
A stranger ever, for the world demands
Far other virtues than thou couldst acquire
In these secluded valleys. Go, then!—go!
Sell thy free soul, do homage for thy land,
Become the slave of princes, when thou might'st
Be thy own master, and thyself a prince,

On thy own land, and free inheritance.
O Uly!—Uly! Leave not thus thy kindred!
Go not to Altorf! Oh! desert not thus
The cause of justice, and thy native land!
I am the latest of my race—with me
The name must end. There hang my helm and
shield;

They fought my battles, and shall share my grave.
But must the thought my parting breath disturb
That thou but watchest for my closing eye
To hie thee to this new, this feudal Court,
And these my fair possessions, which I free
From God received, receive from Austria?

RUD. In vain do we attempt to oppose the
king!

To him belongs the empire of the world.
Shall we alone, self-willed and obstinate,
Struggle with power resistless—strive to break
The chain of lands his power has flung around us?
His are the marts, the courts of justice his,
His the highways—and even the very horse
Which draws upon the Gothard pays him toll.
We are hemmed in—circled as with a net,
By lands on him dependent. Will the empire
Protect us, think you? Can it save itself
Against the increasing power of Austria?
If God protect us not, no Emperor can!
And what reliance can we further place
Upon an Emperor's words, when they have dared,

As the necessities of war have urged,
Or want of gold, the cities which have sought
Beneath the eagle's wings a place of refuge
To pledge away and sever from the empire?
No, uncle! no! Some powerful head to seek,
In these disastrous times of party-feud,
Is but the dictate of reflecting prudence.
The imperial crown changes from branch to branch,
And faithful service claims no more remembrance;
But to serve well him, who transmits his power
To a long line of princes, is to sow
Seed for futurity.

ATT. Art thou so wise ?
Wouldst thou see clearer than thy noble fathers,
Who bravely struggled in the glorious cause,
Nor counted goods, or life itself, at aught,
So they might win the precious pearl of freedom ?
Quick ! ship thee down to Lucern ! There inquire
How Austria's harsh dominion grinds the land !
Yes !—they will come to count our sheep and
cattle,
Mow down our Alps, prescribe to their own use
The game that cleaves the air or roams the waste
In our free forests ; place their barriers
Upon our bridges—at our very doors ;
Pay with our poverty their purchased lands,
Their battles with our blood. No ! if our blood
We are compelled to shed, let it at least
Be for ourselves—nor will I ever doubt

That we may buy at a far cheaper rate
Freedom than slavery !

RUD. What can we do,
A shepherd people, against Albrecht's armies ?

ATT. Learn thou to know this shepherd people,
boy !

I know it—I have led it into battle,
Have seen it fighting at Faventium.
They come to force on us a yoke which we
Are equally determined not to bear.
Oh ! learn to feel of what a race thou art,
Cast not away, for tinsel and vain pomp,
The jewel of thy worth. Thyself to boast
The head of a free people, which from love
Devotes itself to thee—will by thee stand,
True in the hour of danger and of death—
This be thy pride—this thy nobility.
Knit closer still the dear, the early ties,
Which bind thee to thy country ; hold it fast
With all thy heart. These are the vigorous roots
Which will the shock resist when tempests rage :
In yonder foreign land thou stand'st alone,
A feeble reed, and bruised by every storm.
Oh ! come ! Too long thou art a stranger here !
Stay with us but one day, one single day !
Go not to Altorf ! hear'st thou ? Not to-day !
This single day refuse not to thy friends !

[Taking his hand.]

RUD. I gave my word. Excuse me : I am bound.

ATT. [*letting go his hand*]. What sayst thou ? Thou art bound ! Unhappy boy,
I know thou art—but not by word or oath :
A captive art thou in the bonds of love.

[*RUDENZ turns away.*]

Conceal it as thou wilt—it is the Lady
Bertha von Brunek, who to Herrenburg
Draws thee, and chains thee to the Emperor's service.

Thou fondly hop'st to win the noble maiden
By thy defection from the land. But, Ulrich,
Do not deceive thyself ! They show the bride
To lure thee to their purpose—but that bride
Is not reserved for innocence.

RUD.

Enough !

I've heard enough ! Farewell !

ATT.

Stay, frenzied youth !

He goes ! I cannot hold him—cannot save him !
So Wolfenschiessen fell from the allegiance
He owed his country—others soon will follow.
A strange enchantment hurries forth our youth,
And spreads with power resistless through our mountains.

Unhappy day, when first the stranger's foot
The quiet of our happy vales disturbed,
And broke upon our holy innocence !
The new with mighty strides is pressing on ;
The old—with all that age has sanctified—
Is fast departing. Other times are coming,

Another race with different thoughts and feelings.
What do I here? They all are in the grave
With whom I loved to live and hold sweet converse :

Buried in earth already lies my age.
Oh ! well for him who parts without regret
From this new state of things—new race of men !

SCENE II.—*A Meadow, surrounded with rocks and woods.*

Upon the rocks are ladders and steps, by which the PEASANTS, as they arrive, are seen descending. In the background appears the lake, over which, at times, is observed a rainbow, formed by the reflection of the moon. The view is closed by lofty mountains, and behind them still higher ones, covered with snow. The lake and the white glaciers are gleaming in the moonlight.

Enter MELCHTAL, BAUMGARTEN, WINKELRIED,
MEIER VON SARNEN, BURKHARDT AM BUHEL,
ARNOLD VON SEWA, KLAUS VON DER FLUE,
and four others, all armed.

MEL. [*still behind the scenes*]. The mountain-pass
opens—follow me, quick !
I know the little cross which crowns that rock ;
We've reached the goal—we are at Rutli.

WIN.

Hark !

SEWA. It is quite empty.

MEIER. None arrived ! We are
The first upon the ground—we Unterwaldners.

MEL. How goes the night ?

BAU. The watch has just cried two
Upon the Selisberg. [*A sound of bells in the distance.*]

MEIER. Be still, and listen !

BUH. The matin-bell of the lone forest chapel
Sounds sweetly over from the shore of Schwitz.

FLUE. The air is clear, and bears the sound so
far.

MEL. Go some, and gather wood, that we may
have
A cheerful fire when our companions come.

[*Two PEASANTS go out.*]

SEWA. It is a lovely night. The tranquil lake
Lies like a polished mirror.

BUH. They will have
An easy passage over.

WIN. [*pointing to the lake*]. Ah ! see there !
See you nought yonder ?

MEIER. Yes, indeed ! 'Tis strange—
A rainbow in the middle of the night !

MEL. 'Tis formed by the reflection of the moon.

FLUE. It is a wondrous sign, and seldom known ;
Many have lived who ne'er have seen the like.

SEWA. Look !—now 'tis doubled ! There's a paler
one.

BAU. What boat is that which glides so smoothly
under ?

MEL. It is the bark of Stauffacher : the brave man
Makes not his comrades wait.

[Goes with BAUMGARTEN to the shore.

MEIER. The men of Uri
Are slowest to arrive.

BUH. A tedious circuit
Are they compelled to travel through the mountains;
To elude their bailiff's vigilant suspicion.

[Two PEASANTS light a fire.

MEL. [on the shore]. Who goes there? Give the
word!

STA. [from below]. Friends of the land!

[All advance to meet the new comers.

From the boat ascend STAUFFACHER, REDING, HANS
AUF DER MAUER, JORG IM HOFE, CONRAD
HUNN, ULRICH the smith, JOST VON WEILER,
and three other PEASANTS, all armed.

ALL [exclaim]. Welcome!

[While they are greeting, MELCHTAL and STAUFFACHER come forwards.

MEL. O worthy Stauffacher, I've seen
Him who will never look upon me more!
My trembling hands upon his eyes have laid,
And as I dwelt upon their darkened orbs,
Drunk in the deep and glowing thoughts of vengeance.

STA. Speak not of vengeance; not to avenge the
past,
But to ward off the future, meet we here.

But say, how have you sped in Unterwalden ?
What have you done to advance the common
cause—

How think the peasantry, and how did you
Contrive to avoid the snares of treachery ?

MEL. Through the tremendous mountains of
Surenne,
Over wide-spreading fields of desert ice,
Where only hungry vultures scream around,
I reached the Alpine pastures, where the herdsmen
From Engelberg and Uri hail their meeting
With friendly voice, and feed their herds in common.
Instead of milk, I slaked my parching thirst
With the cold water, which, in foaming rills,
Through every crevice pours the glacier forth.
At night I sheltered in the lonely hut,
Myself the host and guest, until I stood
Amidst the dwellings of a social race.
Even to these sequestered vales had spread
A rumour of the recent deed of horror,
And pious reverence received my griefs
At every door, where in my wanderings
Awhile I paused. I found these worthy souls
Deeply enraged at such harsh acts of power :
For as the Alps nourish from year to year
The self-same plants, their rushing streamlets flow
O'er the same beds, the clouds themselves and winds
Follow the same unalterable course,
So have from sire to son their ancient forms

Descended down unaltered, nor in truth
Can they endure to change or turn aside
The old-accustomed even march of life.
They gave me their hard hands, and from the wall
Reached down their rusty swords, while from their
eyes

Flashed forth glad consciousness of manly daring,
As I the names recalled, which in the mountains
Are deemed the holiest—yours and Walter Furst's.
What you thought right they swore to execute ;
They swore to follow you even to the death.
Thus journeying on, protected by the rights
Of sacred hospitality, at length
I reached my native vale, where lie, widespread,
The dwellings of my kindred. There I found
My poor old father, blind and destitute,
Lying on strangers' straw, and by the alms
Of generous men supported.

STA.

Merciful heaven !

MEL. I did not weep ! Not in weak, womanish
tears

Quenched I the strength of my hot-burning anguish ;
In my deep breast, even as a precious treasure,
I locked it up, and thought only of deeds.
I crept through every crevice of the mountains,
No glen so lonely but I searched it through,
Till, even at the very foot arrived
Of mountains covered with eternal snow,
I sought and found shealings inhabited,

And wheresoe'er my venturous steps I pushed
I found like hatred of the tyranny.
For even on these last and desolate bounds
Of living nature, where the frozen earth
Refuses aught to yield that succours man,
The avarice of our bailiffs seeks for plunder.
The stinging words I uttered stirred the minds
Of these bold mountaineers, and all are ours
With their whole heart and soul.

STA. You have done much,
And done it in short time.

MEL. I did still more.
There are two forts which most the peasant dreads,
Rossberg and Sarnen ; safe behind their walls
Of solid rock the enemy with ease
Protects himself, and devastates the land.
With my own eyes I wished to examine them :
I went to Sarnen, and explored the castle.

STA. You ventured even to the tiger's den !

MEL. Disguised in pilgrim's garb I went : I saw
The haughty bailiff revelling at the banquet.
Judge if I know how to compel my feelings :
I saw the tyrant—and I slew him not.

STA. Fortune has smiled indeed upon your boldness. *[The rest come forwards.*

But say, who are the friends that follow you ?
Make me with each respected name acquainted,
That we in generous confidence may meet,
And open all our hearts.

MEIER. In the three lands
Who knows not you, sir! Meier of Sarnen I—
This Struth von Winkelried, my sister's son.

STA. You name to me names not unknown to
fame.

A Winkelried it was who slew the dragon
Beside the Weiler marsh, and left his life
In the encounter.

WIN. Sir, my ancestor.

MEL. [*pointing to two PEASANTS*]. These dwell
behind the forest, and are peasants
Who till the abbey-lands of Engelberg.
You will not, surely, scorn these simple men,
Because they're bond, and sit not free like us
On their inheritance: they love the land,
And are of good report.

STA. Give me your hands. .
Let him who owns no master upon earth
Esteem his fortune blest; but honesty
Prosper in every station.

HUNN. This is Reding,
Our former Landamman.

MEIER. I know him well.
He is my old opponent in the courts
For an inheritance, the claim of both.
Reding, before the judges we are foes,
Here we are friends. [*Shakes his hand.*]

STA. 'Tis bravely spoken.

WIN. Hark !
 At length they come ! That is the horn of Uri.
*[Armed men are seen descending the rocks,
 right and left, with dark lanterns.]*

MAU. See ! is not that the pious man of God,
 The worthy priest ? The dangers of the way
 Deter not him, nor horrors of the night,
 A faithful shepherd watching o'er his flock.

BAU. Next come the sacristan and Walter Furst,
 But Tell I see not yet amongst the rest.

*Enter WALTER FURST ; ROSSELMAN, the priest ; PETER-
 MAN, the sacristan ; KUONI, the herdsman ; WERNI,
 the hunter ; RUODI, the fisherman, and five others.
 All assembled, in number three-and-thirty, come
 forwards, and form a circle round the fire.*

FUR. And must we, then, upon our native soil,
 And own inheritance, thus covertly
 Steal from our dwellings, and together creep,
 As though we meant to do a deed of murder ;
 And in the night, which over guilt alone,
 And foul conspiracy that hates the light,
 Flings its dark mantle, this our righteous cause
 Discuss in secret, which is fair and spotless,
 As is the pure resplendent fount of day ?

MEL. Let that pass ! What in gloomy night is
 done
 Shall freely forth to meet the searching light.

ROS. Hear the suggestion now, my friends, which
God
Has put into my heart. We represent
A general council of the land, and stand
For a whole people. Let us, then, observe
The ancient forms which we in tranquil times
Are wont to use. If aught irregular
Appear in this assembly, let necessity
Plead our excuse: but God is everywhere,
Where man but seeks the right; and here we stand
Under His heaven.

STA. Well, let us counsel then
According to old usage, and the light
Of our good cause our darkness shall illumine.

MEL. And though the number be not full, the
hearts
Of the whole people and the best are present.

HUNN. And if the ancient books are not at hand,
Yet their contents are written in our hearts.

ROS. Well! form the circle then, and let the
swords
Of rightful power be placed within the ring.

MAU. And let the Landamman assume his state,
The assistants take their station at his side.

SAC. We are three tribes convened! To which
belongs
The right to give a president to the meeting?

MEIER. This honour Uri may dispute with Schwitz,
We Unterwaldners freely yield it up.

MEL. We give it up—we are the suppliants
Who ask assistance from our stronger friends.

STA. Let Uri take the sword : the solemn march
To crown the King at Rome her banner leads.

FUR. To Schwitz belongs the honour of the sword,
From Schwitz we all may boast to be descended.

ROS. Let me this generous friendly quarrel end,
Schwitz lead in council, Uri in the field.

FUR. [*reaching the sword to STAUFFACHER*]. Take it.

STA. Not I ! To age belongs that honour.

HOFE. Ulrich the smith, of those who here are
present,
Counts the most years.

MAU. The man is good and brave,
But not of free condition, and in Schwitz
No bondsman can be judge.

STA. Have we not here
Our old Landamman Reding ? Wherefore seek we
A worthier name ?

FUR. Let him be president !
Whoso assents to this hold up his hand.

[*All hold up the right hand.*]

RED. [*stepping into the midst*]. I cannot lay my hand
upon the books,
Therefore by the eternal stars I swear
That I will not forsake the cause of justice.

[*They set up two swords before him, and form the
circle : SCHWITZ is in the centre, URI on
the right, and UNTERWALDEN on the left.
He stands leaning on his sword.*]

Battling their way through Germany, arrived
At this high mountain-chain, then covered o'er
With pathless woods. Nor from their weary march
Did they repose until in that wild vale
At length they stood, where now the Muotta flows
Through verdant meadows. But no trace was there
Of human footsteps—save that on the shore
Stood a lone hut, where sat a man, and watched
If aught might seek a passage—but the lake
Ran high with waves, and was not to be passed.
So they observed the land more closely—saw
That it was richly spread with beautiful wood,
Discovered lovely streams, and almost thought
That they had found again their much-loved
home.

Here they resolved to abide, and here they built
The ancient village Schwitz; and many a day
Of painful toil endured ere they could clear
The far-spread forest's wild entangled roots.
But when the ground sufficed not to contain
Their growing numbers, on they forced their way
To the black mountains—even to Italy,
Where, by eternal walls of ice concealed,
A different people speaks a different tongue.
In Kernwald then they built the village Stanz,
And in the valley of the Reus they built
The village Altorf. But remembering still
Their common origin, from all the tribes
Which since that time have settled in their bounds,

The Swiss are yet distinguished—know themselves :
For heart and blood proclaim their lineage ever.

[Gives his hands right and left.

MAU. Yes, truly are we of one heart, one blood.

ALL. *[joining hands]*. One people, and will act in
unison.

STA. The other nations bear a foreign yoke,
They have submitted to the conqueror :
Nay, even within the limits of our land
Are many to be found who, strangers born,
Owe duty to the stranger, and entail
A heritage of servitude on their children.
But we, the genuine race of good old Swiss,
Have ever known how to maintain our freedom.
Not unto princes have we bowed the knee,
Freely we sought protection of the Empire.

Ros. Freely we sought the Emperor's protection,
A voluntary league of mutual succour :
So is it marked in the Emperor Frederick's brief.

STA. Yes! masterless is not even the free'st :
A sovereign head must be a judge supreme,
With whom in case of last extremity
The appeal may lie. And, therefore, when this soil
From the old wilderness our fathers won,
That honour gave they to the Emperor,
Who of the German and Italian lands
Styles himself lord, and when his service called,
As did the other freemen of the realm,
Gladly stepped forth to meet his foes in arms :

For this is the sole duty of the free,
The country to defend which shelters them.

MEL. Aught more than this is mark of servitude.

STA. They followed, when arose the cry of war,
The banner of the Empire, fought its battles,
And graced the imperial march to Italy,
The Roman crown upon his brows to place.
At home, they free and happy ruled themselves
By their own laws and customs—no reserve
Made in the Emperor's favour, save the right
Judgment upon the murderer to pronounce ;
And thereto was ordained a noble count,
Who no possession held within the land.
Whenever blood was shed, they called him forth,
Under the open heaven, and plain and clear
Spake he the doom, and without fear of man.
Where are the traces here that we are slaves ?
If any think there be, now let him speak.

HOFE. No ! all you say is true—the tyrant's law,
The law of force, we never have endured.

STA. No ! to the Emperor we refused obedience,
When in the Church's favour he attempted
To strain even the law. For when our Alps
The abbey of Einsiedlen claimed, which we
E'er since our father's times had freely pastured,
An ancient charter brought the abbot forth,
Which the unclaimed domain conferred on him,
Making no mention of our name or race.
Then thus we spake, ' Nought is the charter worth,

That which is ours no Emperor can bestow;
And if the Empire should refuse us justice,
Little need we the Empire in our mountains.'
So spake our fathers: and shall we endure
The shame of this new yoke—from foreign slave
Bear what no Emperor has dared to impose?
This soil have we created to ourselves
By labour of our hands; this ancient forest,
Once only the wild haunt of prowling bears,
Have changed into a dwelling fit for man!
The dragon's poisonous brood, which from the marsh
Spread desolation through the land, have slain;
The veil of mist, which in eternal gray
Hung o'er the wilderness, have torn aside;
Have sprung the solid rock, and o'er the abyss
Thrown for the traveller a steady bridge;
By the possession of a thousand years
The ground is ours—and shall the stranger now,
The slave of princes, come to forge us chains,
And on our own inheritance do us shame?
Is there no help for tyranny like this?

[*A great agitation among the PEOPLE.*]

Yes! tyrant-power has limits! When the oppressed
No longer can find justice, when the load
No longer can be borne—with trusting spirit
He springs from earth to heaven, and downward
brings

Those rights which hang above, inalienable
And indestructible as are the stars.
Nature's primeval law returns again,

Where man stands in his native strength alone
Opposed to man, and as a last resort,
When other means have failed, within his hand
Is placed the sword. Against the arm of power
We stand our dearest treasures to defend—
Our wives, our children, and our native land.

ALL [*clashing their swords*]. Our wives, our children
and our native land.

ROS. [*steps into the ring*]. Yet, ere the sword ye
grasp, bethink you well,
Ye might the Emperor's kindness yet retain!
It costs you but a word, and the proud tyrants
Who now so harshly treat you, smile upon you.
Seize the proposal which so oft before
Has courted your acceptance: leave the Empire
And recognise the power of Austria.

MAU. What says the priest? We swear to
Austria!

BUH. Hear him not!

WIN. 'Tis the counsel of a traitor,
An enemy of the land!

RED. Be tranquil, friends!

SEWA. We after such affronts pay Austria homage!

FLUE. We yield at last to force what formerly
We did refuse to kindness!

MEIER. Then indeed
We were the slaves we merited to be!

MAU. Let him be put out of the law's protection,
Who of concession speaks to Austria!

From Swabia, and the countries on the Rhine,
Who all received their parchments, and well pleased
Returned once more to seek their native land.

Me, your ambassador, they gave indeed
An audience, but dismissed with empty comfort.

‘The Emperor had then no time, but would
At a convenient season think about us.’

And as I slowly from the hall withdrew,
With steps reluctant, in the gallery
Duke John I saw, weeping, and near him stood
The noble Lords von Wart and Taegerfeld,
Who called to me, and said, ‘Redress your-
selves,

Expect no longer justice from the King!
Has he not robbed even his brother’s son,
And kept from him his rightful heritage?
The duke besought him to resign the lands
His mother had bequeathed; he had arrived
At years of manhood, and the time was come
He well might rule his own estates and people.
What was the answer given? Upon his brows
A garland placed the Emperor, and observed,
That was the ornament befitting youth.’

MAU. Have ye not heard? Mercy and justice
longer

Expect not from the Emperor! *Help yourselves!

RED. There’s no alternative. Now, therefore,
counsel

How best we may accomplish our design.

FUR. [*stepping into the circle*]. We wish but to fling
off a hateful yoke,
Our ancient rights, which from our ancestors
We have derived, preserve inviolate—
Not after novelty run unbridled.
To the Emperor remain what is the Emperor's,
He who owes service, pay it faithfully.

MEIER. I hold my land in fief from Austria.

FUR. To Austria then continue to do homage.

WEIL. I to the Lord of Rappersweil pay dues.

FUR. Continue to discharge his lawful claims.

ROS. I to the Lady of Zurich service owe.

FUR. Give to the convent still the convent's due.

STA. I hold no fief save from the Empire.

FUR.

Well !

Let all justice demands be done—no more.
The bailiffs and their followers from the land
We will expel—break down their fastnesses,
But—if that may be—without stain of blood.
And let the Emperor feel, that urged alone
By hard necessity, we the bonds abjure
Of dutiful obedience. When he sees
We quietly remain within our bounds,
With prudent care he may, perchance, repress
His swelling anger, for a just respect
Awakes that people which, with sword in hand,
And in the full career of victory,
Is master of itself.

RED.

Yet let us hear

How you propose the scheme so boldly planned
To execute. An armed and powerful foe
Will surely not depart without a struggle.

STA. They will when they perceive the land in
arms :

We must surprise them ere they arm themselves.

MEIER. That is far easier to be said than done.
Two formidable castles 'midst our vales
Rear their proud towers, and awe the country round.
These may prove dangerous should the wrathful
King

His armies pour on our devoted soil.

Rosberg and Sarnen must be first subdued,
Or ere a sword be raised in the three lands.

STA. If we delay too long, the foe is warned ;
Too many are there now who share the secret.

MEIER. In all the land there will be found no
traitor.

ROS. The well-intended zeal of friends may harm
us.

FUR. Defer it longer, and the fort in Altorf
Will be completed, and the foe secure.

MEIER. 'Tis of yourselves ye think !

SAC. Ye are unjust—

MEIER. [*impetuously*]. We, we unjust ! Dares Uri
tell us this ?

RED. Be calm—I charge you by your oaths.

MEIER. If Schwitz
With Uri join, we must perforce be silent.

RED. Before this general council I accuse you,
That with your hot blood you do break the peace.
Stand we not all in the same cause engaged?

WIN. Did we defer till the lord's festival
The attempt, it is the custom on that day
That each proprietor to the castle bring
Some present for the bailiff. So might ten
Or twelve picked men assemble unobserved
Within the place; and since the order is
That none should enter armed, some sharpened
spikes

Might secretly take with them, which to staves
Could quickly be adjusted: near at hand,
Concealed within the wood, the rest must wait,
And, when the horn gives note that those within
Are happily in possession of the gates,
Leap from their hiding-place, and storm the fort,
Which thus, with small resistance, proves our own.

MEL. Rossberg I undertake myself to scale:
A maiden in the place is kind to me,
And small persuasion heeds to let me down
The hempen ladder for the nightly visit.
Once in, I readily admit my friends.

RED. Is it the will of all it be deferred?

[The majority hold up their hands.]

STA. The hands are raised of twenty against
twelve.

FUR. When on the appointed day the castles fall,
Mountain to mountain shall the news proclaim

STA. A heavy stand,
I fear, will Gesler make. Fenced as he is
By bold determined troopers—a fierce band,
Not without blood will he forsake the field :
Nay, even expelled he still is terrible :
'Tis hard—'tis almost dangerous to spare him.

To Tell I owe my rescued life, and now,
My honour guarded and my heart at rest,
That life would gladly give to save my country.

We must leave something to the moment. See!
While we the night consume in solemn counsel
Already on the purpling mountain peaks
The ruddy morn her lofty station takes,
And heralds in the day. Let us begone
Ere the bright sun surprise us.

FUR. Be not anxious!
Darkness withdraws but slowly from these valleys.

[All involuntarily take off their hats, and reverently watch the dawning of the day.]

Ros. Yet, by this light, which greets us with its
ray
Long before those who far beneath us dwell, .
And, slumbering deep, breathe heavily the smoke
Of noisome cities—let us here repeat
The oath of this our new confederacy.
A faithful band of brothers will we be,
United still in danger and distress.

ALL [*repeat with three fingers raised*]. A faithful
band of brothers will we be,
United still in danger and distress.

Ros. We will live free as did our fathers—swear
Rather to die than live in slavery.

ALL. We will live free as did our fathers—swear
Rather to die than live in slavery.

Ros. In the great God we put our trust—and
swear
Never to tremble at the power of man.

ALL. In the great God we put our trust—and
swear
Never to tremble at the power of man.

[*They all embrace one another.*]

STA. Each one now quietly pursue the way
That leads to friends and kindred. Let the herds-
man
Winter his herds in peace, and silently
Labour to gain associates to the cause.
What we have still to endure must be endured!
And let the long account of tyranny

Run on, till one great day discharge at once
The public debt, and private. His just rage
Must each strive to subdue, and for the whole
His vengeance spare—for to the common cause
No less than robbery is it, should but one
In his own private wrongs forget his friends.

[As they depart quietly on three different sides, the orchestra plays solemn music, and the stage, remaining some time open, presents the spectacle of the sun rising above the snow-mountains.]

ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A court before TELL's house. TELL is seen occupied with a carpenter's axe ; HEDWIG in household affairs ; WALTER and WILLIAM are busy in the background, playing with a small cross-bow.*

WAL. [*singing*]. Over hill and valley

Girt to chase his prey,
Springs the hunter forth
To hail the opening day.

As the imperial eagle
King in heaven we see,
Lord of glen and mountain,
Roves the hunter free.

His the widest circuit,
Where his arrows fly ;
All that bounds before him,
All that cleaves the sky.

[*Comes running up.*]

The string is broken ! father, mend it me !

TELL. Not I ! a proper hunter helps himself.

[*The Boys go back*]

HED. The boys begin, methinks, to shoot betime.

TELL. Who would a master be must practise early.

HED. Oh ! would to God they never learned that art !

TELL. They shall learn everything. Whoe'er through life

Would fight his way with vigour, must be armed
Alike to help himself and daunt his foe.

HED. Yes, you are all the same : not one repose
Will seek at home.

TELL. Mother, I cannot do it :
Me nature never formed to be a shepherd ;
Restless must I pursue a flying goal,
And only then right well enjoy my life
When every day I chase it down anew.

HED. Yes ! but you never think upon her pain,
Who sits meanwhile at home, expecting you
With sickening anguish. What the servants tell
Of your rash exploits fills my soul with horror,
With every absence bodes my trembling heart,
Thou wilt return to glad my eyes no more.
I see thee 'wildered 'midst rough fields of ice,
From rock to rock hazard the slippery leap,
See the despairing chamois, urged to bay,
Spring back, and tear thee down the abrupt abyss,
The avalanche sweep o'er, or under thee

The treacherous glacier burst—and down thou
sink'st

Into a dreadful grave, entombed alive :

Death in a hundred changing shapes pursues

The adventurous hunter : 'tis an unblest trade,

Which on the giddy brink of danger lies.

TELL. Who cheerily looks around him with sound
mind,

Trusting in God and his own active powers,

May lightly wrestle with distress and danger :

The mountains fright not who was born upon them.

*[Having finished his labour, he lays aside his
tools, and comes forward.]*

And now, methinks, the door will hold awhile :

The axe at home oft spares the carpenter.

[Takes his hat.]

HED. Whither goest thou ?

TELL. To Altorf, to thy father.

HED. Something thou schemest dangerous ! Con-
fess it !

TELL. How com'st thou, wife, by that ?

HED. Something is planned
Against the bailiffs. There has been at Rutli
A council, and thou, too, art in the plot.

TELL. I was not there—but when my country calls
Will surely not refuse the aid she seeks.

HED. They will place thee where is most risk—
thy post

Will then, as ever, be the post of danger.

TELL. Each will be taxed according to his powers.

HED. The Unterwaldner hast thou in the storm
Shipped o'er the lake—it was a miracle
That you escaped! Of children and of wife
Didst thou not think?

TELL. Dear wife, I thought of you,
And therefore saved the father for his children.

HED. To dare the raging lake! that is, me-
thinks,
Rather to tempt God than to trust in Him.

TELL. The man who thinks too long will do but
little.

HED. Yes! thou art good and kind, and servest
all;
In thy own need not one will succour thee.

TELL. May God forbid that I should want their
succour! [*He takes his crossbow and arrows.*]

HED. What wouldst thou with the crossbow?
Leave it here!

TELL. My arm is nerveless when my bow is
wanting. [*The Boys return.*]

WAL. Father, whither goest thou?

TELL. To Altorf, boy,
To Ehni—wilt thou with me?

WAL. Yes, right gladly.

HED. The bailiff is now there: go not to Altorf!

TELL. He leaves to-day.

HED. Then let him first depart:
Remind him not of thee! thou know'st he hates us!

TELL. Me will his evil wishes scarcely harm ;
I do but what is right, and shun no foe.

HED. Who do but right, even those he hates the
most.

TELL. Because he cannot touch them. Me, at
least,
He will not willingly, I think, disturb.

HED. How know'st thou that ?

TELL. It is not long ago
I went amidst the savage wastes to range,
Which skirt the Schachental, where not a trace
Of human footsteps meets the searching eye,
And as I slowly climbed the rugged path,
Where 'twas not possible to avoid a meeting,
For high above me hung a wall of rock,
And fearfully the Schachen roared below,

*[The Boys approach and listen with intense
curiosity.]*

Sudden the bailiff stood before my sight,
He quite alone like me—only we two,
Man against man, and close the precipice.
When of my presence he became aware,
And recognised the man whom recently
He had for some slight fault severely punished,
And saw me towards him with my good cross-bow
Come striding on—the colour fled his cheeks,
His knees refused their office, and he sank,
Supported only by the cliff's steep side.
Then pity touched my soul, and modestly

I drew towards him, and spake : ' 'Tis I, lord bailiff.'
But powerless quite to falter from his tongue
A single word, he only with his hand
Motioned me silently to take my way :
So I passed on, and sent his train to help him.

HED. Before thee he has trembled ! Woe to thee.
Thou saw'st his weakness, and he'll ne'er forgive !

TELL. Therefore I seek not him, he seeks not me.

HED. Only go not to-day ! Rather go hunt !

TELL. What moves thee so ?

HED. My heart bodes evil. Stay !

TELL. How canst thou thus afflict thee without
reason ?

HED. Because there is no reason. Tell, stay here !

TELL. But I have promised, dearest wife, to go.

HED. Must thou ? Then go ! But leave the boys
with me.

WAL. No, dearest mother ! I go with my father.

HED. Walter, wilt thou abandon thy poor mother ?

WAL. I'll bring thee back some pretty things from
Ehni.

WILL. Mother, I stay with thee !

HED. [*embracing him*]. Yes, my loved child,
Thou art my only solace that remains !

[*She goes to the court-door, and follows them a
long time with her eyes.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wild Forest surrounded with hills—
Waterfalls are seen tumbling from the rocks.*

Enter BERTHA in a hunting-habit, and immediately after,
RUDENZ.

BER. He follows me! Now shall I clear my doubts!

RUD. [*entering hastily*]. Lady, at length I find you then alone!

Guarded by rocks and woods, in this wild spot
I fear the intrusion of no wandering footstep,
And from my heart fling off this irksome silence.

BER. Are you quite sure the chase follows us not?

RUD. The chase is far off yonder! Now or never!
This precious moment must I seize—this hour,
This very hour must seal my destiny,
Though it should tear me from thy sight for ever.
Oh! do not arm those gracious eyes with looks
Of such severity! Who indeed am I
That I should raise my aspiring thoughts to you?
Me has the voice of glory never named;
I dare not place me in the rank of those
Who, crowned with laurels, grace your splendid
circle:

Nought have I but a heart of truth and love.

BER. And dare you speak of truth and love—the
man

Who would prove faithless to his nearest duties ?

[RUDENZ *steps back*.

The slave of Austria, who has sold himself
To strangers—to the oppressors of his people ?

RUD. Lady, and is it you who taunt me thus ?
Whom did I seek then on that side but you ?

BER. And thought you on the side of treachery
To find me ? Rather my reluctant hand
Would I to Gesler give—the tyrant Gesler—
Than to the unnatural son of Switzerland
Who stoops to make himself his instrument.

RUD. O God ! must I hear this !

BER. To the good man
Can aught be nearer than his friends and kindred ?
What sweeter duties for a noble heart
Than to stand forth the friend of innocence,
And vindicate the rights of the oppressed ?
My heart bleeds for your people ! When it suffers,
I too must share its sufferings—for I love it,
That it so patient is, although so strong.
It wins my deepest reverence, and each day
I learn to love and honour it still more.
But you, whom Nature gave its born defender,
Who yet desert it in its hour of need,
Join with the foe, and faithlessly assist
To forge the chains that bind your native land—
You 'tis who grieve and anger me : my heart
Must I compel that I detest you not.

RUD. And seek I not the advantage of my people,
When under Austria's powerful sceptre peace——

BER. Say rather, slavery—you prepare for it !
You would hunt Freedom from the last asylum
That still remains to her on earth. Far better
Perceives the people its true happiness ;
And no illusive splendour can mislead
Its safer feelings. You the entangling net
They have contrived to fling around, till——

RUD.

Bertha !

You hate me, you despise me !

BER.

If I did,

Perchance 'twere better for me ! But to see
Contemned, and—worse, deserving of contempt,
Whom one would gladly love——

RUD.

O Bertha ! Bertha !

You raise me to the highest pinnacle
Of heavenly happiness, only in a moment
To plunge me to the abyss of dark despair !

BER. No ! no ! the generous feelings in that breast
Are not yet quite extinct ! They slumber only—
I will awaken them. Alas ! what pains
Must you have taken to destroy the old,
Almost instinctive, virtues of your race !
But, well for you ; they mightier are than you,
And you, despite yourself, are good and noble !

RUD. You still have confidence in me. O Bertha !
Your love would make me everything !

BER.

Be then

What liberal Nature destined you to be ;
The station take she meant you to assume ;
Stand for your people forth, and native land :
And combat for your holy rights !

RUD. But you—
How shall I ever hope to call you mine
If once the Emperor's will I dare to thwart?
And will not tyrant kinsmen interpose,
And force obedience to their stern command?

BER. Here lie my lands, and is the Schwitzer free,
So am I also.

RUD. Bertha! all at once
You open me a vista into heaven!

BER. Hope not through Austria's favour to possess
me!

On my inheritance they lay their hands
Only to add it to one greater still.
The same insatiable cupidity
Which country joins to country, and your freedom
At length will swallow, threatens also mine.
A destined sacrifice you see me stand,
The recompense perchance of some Court minion :
Thither, where falsehood and its votaries dwell,
To the imperial Court—away they bear me ;
There hated nuptials force me to contract,
And love—only your love—can save me longer.

RUD. And could you then determine here to dwell,
Here in my native country mine to be?
O Bertha, all my yearnings in the distance,

What were they but a striving after you?
You only sought I in the path of glory,
And my ambition only was my love!
Can you indeed in this still vale with me
Shut yourself up, renouncing earthly splendour?
Oh! then the goal at which I strained is won,
Then may the billows of the storm-tossed world
Unheeded beat on these protected mountains!
No restless wishes have I more to send
Into the cold and dreary void of life!
Then may these lofty rocks, which fence us round,
A firm insuperable barrier prove:
And this secluded blissful vale alone
Open to heaven, and feel its holy light!

BER. Now art thou all my fond, my trusting heart
Has dreamed—my confidence has not deceived me!

RUD. Vain phantom, hence! thou who so long
hast fooled me!
Here shall I find my happiness—at home!
Here, where my boyhood bloomed in careless freedom,

A thousand joyful traces meet my view,
Where every tree and every fountain lives,
In my own native land wilt thou be mine!
Ah! I have ever loved it—ever felt,
As eagerly I chased each fleeting pleasure,
Something was wanting still to make me happy.

BER. Where shall we seek the islands of the blest,
If not here, in the land of innocence?

Here, where old faith domesticated dwells,
And falsehood never yet has found an entrance ;
No envy troubles the pure fount of bliss,
And lightly pass the hours on gladsome wing !
There see I thee, rich in thy manly worth,
First of the free, as of thy equals first,
A prouder far, more heartfelt homage win
Than e'er received a monarch from his people !

RUD. There see I thee, the first of womankind,
In the calm duties of domestic life,
Build me a heaven within my happy home :
And, as the spring her flowers with liberal hand,
So o'er my path strew pleasantness and peace,
And waken all around to life and gladness !

BER. See now, dear friend, wherefore I mourned
that thou
With thine own hand shouldst spoil thy happiness !
Alas ! alas ! what had become of me,
Compelled some haughty knight, perchance, to
follow,
Some proud oppressor, to his gloomy fortress !
Here is no fortress ! Here no walls divide
Me and the people I would render happy.

RUD. But how regain my freedom ? How the
folds
Unloose my thoughtless folly has entwined
About myself ?

BER. With manly resolution
Burst them asunder, and let what will happen,

Stand forth to save thy people. 'Tis the post
Where Heaven itself has placed thee!

[*Bugles sound in the distance.*

Hark! the chase
Draws nearer. We must separate. Away!
Fight for thy friends, thou fightest for thy love!
One is the enemy whom alike all dread,
And one the freedom that will make all free!

[*They go off.*

SCENE III.—*A Meadow in Altorf: in the foreground
are trees, in the background a hat hung upon a pole.
The prospect is closed by the Banberg, towering
above which are seen the snow-mountains.*

FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD on the watch.

FRI. In vain we watch! No man will venture
near,

Or to a hat pay reverence. Yesterday
'Twas crowded like a mart here, but to-day
The meadow is become almost a desert,
Since yonder bugbear hung upon the pole.

LEU. Nought to be seen except a rabble rout,
Who toss into the air their tattered caps
Only to vex us. Honest people rather
Will make a tedious round through half the village
Than stoop to bow the knee before a hat.

FRI. When from the council-house about mid-day
They come, this place all are obliged to pass.

A goodly number then I surely thought
To have surprised—for none thought of the hat.
But Rosselman, the priest, my purpose saw,
And as he came from visiting the sick,
Went with the sacrament, and placed himself
Right opposite the pole: the sacristan
Must ring, forsooth, his bell; so falling down,
Myself amongst the rest, all on their knees
Paid homage to the host, not to the hat.

LEU. I tell you, comrade, I begin to think
We stand here placed as in the pillory
Before this hat; and 'tis, methinks, disgraceful
For a bold trooper sentinel to stand
Before an empty hat. All honest people
Will sure despise us. What, respect a hat!
'Tis certainly the order of a fool!

FRI. And wherefore not respect an empty hat!
You have to many an empty skull bowed down!

*Enter HILDEGARD, MATILDA, and ELIZABETH, who
approach with their CHILDREN, and place themselves
about the pole.*

LEU. Yes! thou art such an officious rogue, and
gladly
Would honest people bring to trouble. I,
Let who will pass the hat, will see it not:
I close my eyes.

MAT. There hangs the bailiff, children;

Kneel quickly down, and pay him due respect !

ELIZ. Oh ! would to God he went, and nought behind

Left but his hat ! 'Twere better for the land !

FRI. [*driving them away*]. Go ! get you hence !
you cursed tribe of women !

Who sent for you ? Go, send your husbands hither,
If to transgress the order they have spirit !

[WOMEN *go away*.]

Enter TELL with his crossbow, leading his son by the hand ; they advance, and pass by the hat without paying any attention to it.

WAL. [*pointing to the Banberg*]. Father, is it true
that on the mountain yonder

The trees, if smitten with an axe, will bleed ?

TELL. Who told you that, my boy ?

WAL. The master herdsman.

He says, the trees enchanted are—his hand

Who injures them will rest not in the grave.

TELL. The trees enchanted are, that is the truth.
Seest thou those snow-peaks—those white horns
Which seem to lose themselves above the sky ?

WAL. The glaciers those, which thunder so by
night,
And down the avalanches send upon us.

TELL. Yes ! and those avalanches long ago
Had Altorf overwhelmed beneath their load,

WAL. Who is the king, then, whom all seem to fear?

TELL. The mighty one, who feeds them, and defends.

WAL. Have they not courage to defend themselves?

TELL. There dares not neighbour trust his nearest neighbour.

WAL. Father, in that wide land I should want room:

Better live here under the avalanche!

TELL. Ay, boy! far better our protection owe
To these ice-mountains than to wicked men!

[They move onwards.]

WAL. See, father! see that hat upon the pole!

TELL. What is the hat to us? Come! let us go!

*[As he is about to depart, FRIESSHARDT steps up,
and places his pike before him.]*

FRI. Hold—in the Emperor's name, I charge you,
stand!

TELL *[pushing aside the pike]* What would you?
Wherefore stop you me?

FRI. You have
Transgressed the mandate, and must follow us.

LEU. You have not paid due reverence to the hat.

TELL. Friend, let me go.

FRI. Away with him to prison!

WAL. My father go to prison! Help, there!
help!

Men, men, come hither ! Help ! good people, help !
Free him—they lead him prisoner !

*Enter ROSSELMAN the priest, and PETERMAN the
sacristan, with three others.*

PET. What's the matter ?

ROS. Why layest thou thy hand upon that man ?

FRI. He is the Emperor's enemy, and a traitor !

TELL. A traitor ! I !

ROS. Thou errest, friend—'tis Tell,
A worthy man and a good citizen.

WAL. [*seeing WALTER FURST, and running to him*].

Grandfather, help ! They force away my
father !

FRI. Away, to prison !

FUR. [*hurrying up*]. Hold ! I offer bail !
For God's sake, Tell, do tell me what has happened !

Enter MELCHTAL and STAUFFACHER.

FRI. The bailiff's sovereign authority
Has he despised, and will not recognise.

STA. Could Tell do this ?

MEL. Thou liest, caitiff knave !

LEU. He has not paid due reverence to the hat.

FUR. And must he, therefore, go to prison ?
Friend,

Accept my bail, and let him go in peace !

FRI. Offer for thee and thy own person bail!
We do what is our duty. Off with him!

MEL. [*to the PEASANTS*]. No! this is horrible!
Shall we endure
To see him impudently torn away
Before our very eyes?

PET. We are the strongest.
Friends, bear it not; we will support each other.

FRI. Who sets himself to oppose the bailiff's
orders?

[*Three other PEASANTS rush in.*]

PEAS. We'll help! What is it? Beat them to
the ground.

[*HILDEGARD and the other WOMEN return.*]

TELL. I yet can help myself. Good people, go!
Think you that if I would resort to force
Their pikes would frighten me?

MEL. [*to FRIESSHARDT*]. Wilt thou still dare
The attempt to tear him from the midst of us?

FUR. and STA. Gently! Be tranquil!

FRI. [*crying out*]. Riot and sedition!
[*A sound of bugles is heard.*]

WOMEN. Here comes the bailiff.

FRI. [*raising his voice*]. Mutiny! Revolt!

STA. Cry till thou burstest, knave!

ROS. and MEL. Wilt thou be silent?

FRI. [*still louder*]. Help! help here, to the servants
of the law!

FUR. Here is the bailiff! What will come of this?

*Enter GESLER, on horseback, 'his falcon on his wrist ;
RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, BERTHA, and RUDENZ,
and a great number of armed SOLDIERS, who form
a circle of pikes round the stage.*

HAR. Room for the bailiff there !

GES. Drive them asunder !

Why run they thus together ? Who cries help ?

[A general silence ensues.

Who was it ? I will know. Come forward, thou !

Who art thou, and why holdest thou this man ?

[Gives his falcon to an ATTENDANT.

FRI. Most mighty sir, one of your guards am I,
Appointed to keep watch beside this hat.
This man I seized as, contrary to order,
He would have passed without saluting it,
Intending to detain him, but the people
Assembling would have rescued him by force.

GES. *[after a pause]*. Despisest thou so much thy
Emperor, Tell,

And me, who here his presence represent,
That thou the hat refusest to respect,
Suspended there to prove your loyalty ?
Thou hast betrayed thine evil disposition !

TELL. Excuse me, gracious sir ! from thoughtless-
ness,

Not from contempt, proceeded this neglect.
Were I so prudent I were not called Tell :
I ask your pardon, and will not repeat it.

GES. [*after some moments, silence*]. Thou art a master of the crossbow, Tell ;
They say with every bolt thou hit'st the mark.

WAL. And that is true, sir ! At a hundred paces My father strikes an apple from the tree.

GES. That boy, Tell—is he thine ?

TELL. Yes, gracious sir !

GES. Hast thou no other children ?

TELL. Sir, two boys.

GES. Which of the two is dearest to thee ?

TELL. Sir,

Both are alike my children !

GES. Well then, Tell !
Since from the tree an apple thou canst strike
Even at a hundred paces—of thy art
Thou shalt give me a sample. Take thy bow—
Thou hast it there at hand—and make thee ready
From thy boy's head to shoot an apple. But,
I counsel thee, beware thou take good aim,
That thou the apple hit at the first shot,
For shouldst thou miss thy head shall answer it.

[*All show signs of horror.*]

TELL. Oh, sir ! What monstrous deed do you command !

Shall I at my child's head— But no, sir, no—
That never could be your intention ! Never !
Forbid it, gracious God ! That could not you
Require in earnest from a father !

GES. Tell,

The apple shalt thou shoot from the boy's head ;
I do require it, and will have it so.

TELL. I with the crossbow at the head take aim
Of my own child ! No ! rather will I perish !

GES. Draw—or thy child shall perish with thee
too.

TELL. What ! I become the murderer of my
child ?

You have no children, sir ! You do not know
What swells a father's bosom !

GES. What ! so cautious
Art thou become at once ! They told me, Tell,
Thou wert a dreamer—that from common men,
And from their ways, thou dost estrange thyself.
Thou lov'st the extraordinary—and therefore have I
Something to suit thy daring soul discovered.
Others might think and hesitate—but thou
Closest thine eyes and dashest at it boldly !

BER. Oh ! sport no longer, sir, with these poor
people !
See you, how pale they stand, and how they tremble !
They understand not pleantry from you.

GES. Who told you that I sport ?

[Catches at an apple which overhangs his head.

Here is the apple !
Let them make room there. Let him take his
distance—

What usual is. I give him eighty paces—
Nor more, nor less. He boasted at a hundred

His man to hit. Now, archer, take thy aim,
And see the appointed mark thou miss not.

HAR. God !

This becomes serious ! Down upon thy knees, boy,
And supplicate the bailiff for thy life.

FUR. [*aside to MELCHTAL, who can hardly restrain his impatience*]. Restrain yourself—be tranquil, I implore you !

BER. Let this suffice you, sir ! It were inhuman
Longer to trifle with a father's anguish.
If this poor man, for such a slight offence,
His life to lose had merited—by heavens !
Ten times already has he suffered death.
Dismiss him, then, uninjured to his hut ;
He now has learned to know you, and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.

GES. Open a way there ! Quick ! Why lingerest thou ?

Thy life is forfeited—I might despatch thee ;
And see ! thy fate I mercifully place
In thy own practised hand. We cannot, sure,
Complain of his hard sentence, who himself
Is made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest thine unerring sight ! Well, then !
Here it concerns thee much to show thy skill :
The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
Within the target hit the black, that might
A common archer do ; but, in my mind,
He is the only master of his art

Who in each essay of severest proof
Is certain of his aim—whose hand and eye
Tremble not to the emotions of his heart.

FUR. [*throwing himself on his knees before him*]. My
lord, we bow to your authority,
But still let mercy temper justice: take
The half of my possessions—take them all—
Only urge not this horror on a father!

WAL. Grandfather, kneel not to the false man!
Say,
Where shall I place myself? I fear me not:
My father strikes the bird upon the wing;
He will not pierce the bosom of his child.

STA. Sir, moves you not his boyish innocence?

ROS. Oh! recollect there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

GES. [*pointing to the Boy*]. Quick! bind him to
the linden yonder!

WAL. Bind me!
No! I will not be bound—I will stand still
And gentle as a lamb, nor even breathe;
But if you bind me then must I, perforce,
Struggle against my bonds.

HAR. Let them at least
Bandage thine eyes, boy.

WAL. Why the eyes? Think you
The arrow from my father's hand I fear?
You shall behold me wait for it unmoved,
Nor even the twinkling of an eye perceive.

Up, father ! show thyself indeed an archer !
He thinks thou art not—thinks to ruin us :
If but to vex the tyrant, shoot, and hit.

*[He goes to the tree, and the apple is placed upon
his head.]*

MEL. *[to the PEASANTS]*. What ! shall the atrocious ‘
act be perpetrated
Before our very eyes ! Why have we sworn ?

STA. It is in vain ! we are unarmed—you see
A wood of lances circles us around.

MEL. Oh ! that we sooner had resolved on deeds !
God pardon those who counselled to delay !

GES. *[to TELL]*. To work !—men wear not arms
for nothing :

Yet dangerous ’tis to bear the murderer’s weapons,
And on the archer springs the arrow back.
This saucy privilege which the boor assumes,
The sovereign master of the land offends.
None should go armed but those who claim com-
mand.

Yet if it please you thus the bow to carry—
Why, be it so—but I will set the mark.

TELL *[bending the crossbow, and laying on the
arrow]*. Room there !

STA. What, Tell ? You would — never !—you
tremble.

See ! your hand shakes ; your knees refuse their
office.

TELL [*dropping the crossbow*]. It swims before my sight!

WOMEN. Merciful heaven!

TELL. Excuse me, sir, this shot. Here is my heart!

Call to your troopers—bid them ride me down.

GES. I do not want thy life—I want the shot.
Thou canst do everything—despair'st of nothing,
Thou know'st the helm to manage like the bow;
Thee frights no storm when it behoves to save:
Now, saviour, help thyself—thou savest all!

[TELL *in a fearful struggle casts his eyes now towards heaven, now towards the BAILIFF; suddenly he snatches a second arrow from his quiver, and places it in his bosom.*

WAL. [*under the tree*]. Draw, father, draw—I fear not.

TELL [*making a violent effort*]. It must be!

RUD. [*who has stood in great agitation the whole time, hardly able to restrain himself*]. My lord, you will not urge this business further.

You will not! 'Twas but meant to prove your power
You have attained your purpose. Pushed too far,
Severity fails of its wise design,
And, overstrained, to shivers flies the bow.

GES. Young man, be silent till we condescend
To ask your counsel.

RUD. Speak I must and will.
The honour of the King is dear to me,

But such harsh measures must procure him hatred
This is not the King's will—I dare maintain—
It could not be. Such cruelty deserves
My people not, and you exceed your powers.

GES. Ah! are you grown so bold?

RUD. I have been silent
Through all the heavy deeds that I have witnessed;
My seeing eyes have closed against the light:
My swelling and indignant heart repressed
Within my bosom: to be silent longer,
Alike were treachery to the Emperor
And to my native land.

BER. [*throwing herself between them*]. O God! still
more
Would you a madman irritate?

RUD. My people
Have I forsaken, all the claims of blood
Have I renounced, the dearest ties of nature
Asunder torn, to join myself to you.
I thought, indeed, of all the greatest good
To further, strengthening thus the Emperor's power.
The blind falls from my eyes—shuddering I view
My steps lead to the brink of the abyss:
My honest judgment have you led astray,
My open heart seduced, and almost had I,
Even with the best intent, my people ruined.

GES. Audacious vassal! this to your liege lord!

RUD. The Emperor is my lord, not you. Free-
born

Even as yourself, in every knightly virtue
 I mate myself with you. And stood you not
 Here in the Emperor's name, whom I respect,
 Even when they shame his office, here my glove
 Would I fling down before me, and demand
 In knightly guise an answer to my challenge.
 Yes! beckon to your guards! I stand not here
 Defenceless, as these are ;

[*Pointing to the PEASANTS.*

I wear a sword,

And who dares first approach—

STA. [*calling out*]. The apple's fallen !

[*While the attention of all is called to the
 quarrel of GESLER and RUDENZ, TELL
 has shot down the apple.*

ROS. And the boy lives !

MANY VOICES. The apple is knocked down !

[*WALTER FURST, almost fainting, is sup-
 ported by BERTHA.*

GES. How ! has he shot ? The madman !

BER. The boy lives !

Come to yourself, good father ! See ! your child !

WAL. [*comes bounding along with the apple*]. Father,
 here is the apple—well I knew

Thou wouldst not hurt thy boy.

[*TELL stands with his body bent forward as
 though he would follow the arrow ; the
 crossbow falls from his hand. As he sees the
 BOY coming, he springs to meet him with*

outstretched arms, presses him to his bosom with passionate violence, and sinks down motionless. All are moved.

BER. Oh ! gracious heavens !

FUR. My children !

STA. God be praised !

LEU. That was a shot
Which men shall speak of to the latest times.

HAR. They shall tell stories of the archer Tell
Long as the mountains stand upon their base.

[Hands the apple to the BAILIFF.

GES. By heavens ! the apple is shot through the
midst !

It was a master-shot—I needs must praise it.

ROS. The shot was good, but woe to him, the
man

Who urged him to it ! He has tempted God.

STA. Rise, Tell—be cheered—for manfully yourself
Have you redeemed, and free may seek your home.

ROS. Come, come, and to the mother bring her son !
[They prepare to lead him away.

GES. Hark, Tell !

TELL *[coming back]*. What are your orders, sir ?

GES. Thou didst

A second arrow in thy bosom place.

Yes ! yes ! I marked it well ! Wherefore was that ?

TELL *[confused]*. Sir, 'tis a customary thing with
archers.

GES. No, Tell, that answer satisfies me not ;

Another hadst thou, and a deeper meaning.
 Tell me the truth, Tell, free and openly :
 Be what it will, thy life shall be secure.
 Wherefore the second arrow ?

TELL. Well, then, sir !
 Since you my life have promised me, the truth
 I will discover honestly.

*[He draws from his breast the second arrow, and
 regards GESLER with a terrible look.]*

With this—
 This second arrow had I shot through—you,
 If my beloved child the first had murdered,
 And you at least had certainly not missed.

GES. Well, Tell ! thy life I have secured to
 thee ;
 I gave my knightly word, and I will keep it ;
 But since thou hast thine evil thoughts betrayed
 I will conduct thee where the light no more
 Of sun or moon shall shine upon thy darkness,
 That from thy arrows I may feel secure.

Guards ! seize him ! bind him ! *[TELL is bound.]*

STA. How, sir ? Can you,
 indeed,

So treat a man, towards whom the hand of God
 Has visibly been extended ?

GES. Let us see
 Whether that hand a second time will save !
 Conduct him to my vessel, I will follow
 Immediately—^{a Jalk} *—SY coming,* Kussnacht lead him.

ROS. That dare you not—that durst the Emperor
not,
That violates the charters of our freedom.

GES. Where are they? Has the Emperor ratified
them?

He has not ratified them. No! that favour
Must by obedience first be merited.
Ay, rebels are ye all—ye all reject
The Emperor's rights, and nourish bold revolt.
I know you all! I have seen through you all!
This man I bear out of the midst of you;
But all alike are sharers in his guilt.
If wise—learn to be silent, and obey.

*[He goes off, followed by BERTHA, RUDENZ,
HARRAS, and GUARDS. . FRIESSHARDT
and LEUTHOLD remain behind.]*

FUR. *[in great anguish]*. It is all over, he is quite
resolved
Me to destroy and my whole family.

STA. *[to TELL]*. Oh! wherefore goad the tyrant
so?

TELL. Let him
Who has endured my anguish rule himself.

STA. Now everything is lost! yes, all! With
you
We all are chained and bound!

PEAS. With you depart
Our last remaining hope and consolation!

LEU. [*approaching*]. Tell, I grieve for you—but must do my duty.

TELL. Farewell!

WAL. [*clinging passionately to him*]. O father! father! dearest father!

TELL [*raising his hands to heaven*]. Above, there is thy Father! Call on Him!

STA. Tell, shall I not say something to your wife?

TELL [*pressing the BOY to his breast with violent emotion*]. The child escapes unhurt! Me God will succour.

[*He tears himself away, and follows the*
TROOPERS.

ACT IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The eastern shore of the Lake of the Four Cantons : abrupt and rudely formed rocks close the prospect in the west. The lake is in agitation—a continual murmuring and roaring, with thunder and lightning at intervals.*

KUNST VON GERSAU, RUODI, and FISHERMAN'S BOY.

KUN. I saw with my own eyes, and all has happened,

You may believe me, just as I have told you.

RUO. Tell taken, and a prisoner led to Kussnacht,
The best man in the land, the bravest arm,
If e'er a blow is to be struck for freedom!

KUN. The bailiff brings him up the lake himself.
I left them at Fluellen, quite prepared
To go on board their vessel; but the storm
Which has been some time brooding in the distance,
And here has driven me hastily to land,
May well, perchance, have hindered their departure.

RUO. The Tell in chains, and in the bailiff's
power!

He will entomb him deep enough, be sure,
Never again to see the light of day ;
For fear he must the free man's righteous vengeance,
Whom he has often and so deeply wronged.

KUN. Our old Landamman, too, the noble Lord
Von Attinghaus, lies at the point of death.

RUO. So breaks then the last anchor of our
hopes!

He was the only friend who durst his voice
Still raise to vindicate the people's rights.

KUN. The storm increases. Fare ye well—I seek
The shelter of the village, for to-day
We may no longer think of venturing hence

[*He goes out.*]

RUO. The Tell a prisoner, and the baron dead !
Then tyranny exalt thy daring front,
And cast all shame away ! The mouth of truth
Is dumb—the seeing eye is blind—the arm
Which should be raised to save in chains is bound.

BOY. See ! it hails hard : come, father, to the
hut,
To brave the angry sky is scarcely safe.

RUO. Rage, rage, ye winds ! Flash fiercer still, ye
lightnings !
Burst, clouds ! Ye reservoirs of heaven, pour down,
And inundate the earth ! Even in the germ
A generation yet unborn destroy !
Be masters, ye wild elements ! Ye bears,
Ye ancient wolves, return, and rage again

The extended waste—to you belongs the land,
For who would live where freedom is unknown!

Boy. Hear how the whirlpool roars, the deep
resounds;

Never has tempest swelled the lake like this!

Ruo. To aim at his child's head! Never before
Was such an act enjoined upon a father!
And shall not nature, with wild horror pale,
Revolt against it? Oh! I should not wonder
To see the rocks bow themselves to the lake!
Each pinnacle to see, each tower of ice,
Which ne'er were thawed since first they were
created,

Down from their lofty summits melt like snow!
The mountains splinter, and the ancient cliffs
Fall in; a second deluge drown the earth,
And sweep away the abodes of living men!

Boy. Hark! listen to that bell upon the moun-
tains!

They have perceived a skiff in sore distress,
And ring that men may pray for those in danger!

[*He ascends an eminence.*]

Ruo. Woe to the vessel which now on its way
Is rocked in this terrific cradle! Here
The helmsman and the helm alike are useless!
The storm is master. Wind and water play
At ball with man. Distant or near, no bay
Offers its friendly shelter, and the rocks,
Precipitous and rugged, frown upon him,

Inhospitably rude, nor to his view
Aught show, except their bare and flinty breasts.

Boy. Father, a bark comes from Fluellen hither!

Ruo. God help the unhappy people! When the
storm

Is once entangled in this glen of waters
It rages like some savage beast of prey,
Which 'gainst its prison's iron grating beats,
And howling strives in vain to find an outlet;
For all around the rocks a barrier form,
Which, high as heaven, walls in the narrow pass.

[He ascends the eminence.]

Boy. It is the governor's ship from Uri, father!
I know it by its pendants and red deck.

Ruo. Justice of God! Yes! it is he himself—
The bailiff, who goes yonder. There he drives,
Bearing his crime along with him. How quick
Has the just arm of the avenger reached him!
Now knows he there's a mightier Lord than he!
These waves will not obey his voice—these rocks
Will not before his hat bow down their heads.
Boy! do not pray! Stay not the Judge's arm!

Boy. I pray not for the bailiff—not for him,
But Tell, who lies a prisoner in his ship.

Ruo. Blind, indiscriminating element!
Must thou, one guilty head to strike, the bark
With all that it contains destroy?

Boy. See, see!
They had already happily passed by

Ruo.

There lifts its head

The Hakmesser, where many a gallant bark
Before has suffered shipwreck. Dexterously
If there the point they do not round, the ship
Will surely on the reef be dashed to pieces,
Which rough and dangerous runs into the breakers.
They have an able steersman at the helm :
If anyone could save them it were Tell,
But he, alas ! lies crippled, hand and foot.

Boy [*remarking him*]. See, father, who kneels there?

Boy [*coming forwards*]. What see I! Father!
father, come and see!

Ruo. Who is it? God in heaven! What, Tell!
'Tis you!
Oh! speak! How came you hither?

- Boy. Were you not
In yonder ship, a prisoner and in chains ?
- RUO. And on your way to Kussnacht ?
- TELL. I am free.
- RUO. *and the Boy.* What miracle is this ?
- Boy. Whence came you hither ?
- TELL. From yonder vessel.
- RUO. How !
- Boy. Where is the bailiff ?
- TELL. Driving upon the waves.
- RUO. Is it possible ?
But you ? How are you here ? What have you done
To escape at once from bondage and the storm ?
- TELL. 'Twas God's protecting providence. At-
tend !
- RUO. *and the Boy.* Oh ! tell us all !
- TELL. What has at Altorf happened
You know !
- RUO. We know it all.
- TELL. Know that the bailiff
Ordered me to be seized, and sent in chains
To Kussnacht—to his castle ?
- RUO. And himself
Embarked in the same vessel at Fluellen.
We know it all ! Say ! how have you escaped ?
- TELL. I lay on board the ship fast bound with
cords,
A helpless man, abandoned to despair ;
Nor hoped I more the sun's glad light to view,

Nor the beloved face of wife or child,
But gazed desponding on the waste of waters.

Ruo. Unhappy man !

TELL. So bore we swift along,
The bailiff, Rudolph Harras, and the rest.
My quiver with my crossbow lay apart,
And near the stern. But when the point we gained,
Formed by the little Axen, it pleased God
That such a heavy, desolating storm
Should from the depths of the St. Gothard burst,
That the hearts sank of all that were on board,
And all expected miserably to perish.
Then one of the attendants, gathering courage,
Stepped forth, and to the bailiff spoke these words :
' You see, sir, your extremity and ours,
And that we all upon the verge of death
Are hovering, for the mariners through terror
Have lost all self-possession, nor, indeed,
Are certain of their course. But there is Tell,
An active man, who knows the ship to steer ;
What if we should, in this our sore distress,
Make use of him ? ' Then spoke the bailiff thus :
' Tell, so I loosed thy bonds, wouldst thou engage
To save us from the fury of this storm ? '
And I replied : ' Yes, sir, with God's assistance,
Engage I would to help you safely hence.'
So was I loosened from my bonds, and stood
Beside the helm, and did my duty well.
But still from time to time a glance I stole

Where lay my arms, and ever, and anon,
With keen and searching eye the shore I marked,
If chance an opportunity might offer
Of springing from the vessel, and at last
A rock observed, which, flattened on the top,
Juts out into the lake.

RUO. I know it well :
'Tis at the foot of the great Axenberg,
But ne'er had deemed it possible—so steep—
So very steep—it rises from the waves,
To reach it, springing from so far below.

TELL. I shouted to the rowers to put forth
Their utmost strength, until the ledge we neared,
For then, I cried, the worst is passed. And when,
Rowing with all our might, at length we reached it,
God I besought His gracious aid to lend,
And, straining every nerve, the stern pressed in,
Close to the wall of rock : then, in a moment,
Seizing my arms, the desperate spring I ventured,
And the frail bark, rebounding from the stroke,
Drove distant far into the abyss of waters,
There at God's will to drive upon the billows !
So am I here, saved from the tempest's power
And from the far worse power of wicked men.

RUO. Tell, Tell, a palpable miracle hath the Lord
Wrought in your favour ! Hardly yet my senses
Can I believe ! But whither go you now ?
For safety there is none for you, if once
The bailiff living from this storm escape !

TELL. I heard, as bound within the ship I lay,
He meant to land at Brunnen, and by Schwitz
Conduct me to his castle.

RUO. Means he then
To journey home by land ?

TELL. Such was his purpose.

RUO. Haste, then, to hide yourself—make no
delay—

Not twice will God release you from his hand.

TELL. Tell me the nearest way to Arth and
Kussnacht.

RUO. The open way by Steinen lies, but one,
More private and still shorter, can my boy
Conduct you over Lowertz.

TELL [*giving him his hand*]. Fare ye well !
May God reward your goodness !

[*As he is going he turns again.*]

Were not you
With the confederates who met at Rütli ?
Methinks I heard your name there !

RUO. I was there,
And took the oath of the confederacy.

TELL. Haste, then, to Burglen—do me yet this
kindness !

My wife is left despairing and forlorn :
Tell her that I am safe and well concealed.

RUO. And whither fled ?

TELL. There will you find her father,
And others of the men who swore at Rütli.

Bid them be active, bold, and of good courage,
For Tell is free, and master of his arm :
Soon shall they further tidings hear of me.

RUO. But what is your purport? Tell me
freely.

TELL. Let it be done—then will we talk of it.

[*He goes off.*]

RUO. Boy, guide him on his way, and God be
with him!

The plan he has designed he goes to perfect!

SCENE II.—*Castle of Attinghausen. The BARON reclining in an armchair, in a dying state; WALTER FURST, STAUFFACHER, MELCHTAL, and BAUMGARTEN occupied about him; WALTER TELL kneeling before him.*

FUR. 'Tis passed! it is all over! He is gone.

STA. Yet this is not like death. See! on his lip
Still moves the feather. Tranquil is his sleep,
Serenely smiles his peaceful countenance.

[*BAUMGARTEN goes to the door.*]

FUR. Who is it?

BAU. 'Tis your daughter. She insists
That she must speak with you—must see her boy.

FUR. [*rising*]. Can I give comfort who myself
have none?

On my own head is heaped all earthly woe!

HED. [*rushing in*]. Where is my child ! I must—
I will behold him !

STA. Compose yourself ! Bethink you that you
here

Are in the house of death.

HED. My Walter ! oh, my child !
And liv'st thou still to me ?

WAL. My poor, poor mother !

HED. Can it be true ? Art thou escaped unhurt ?

[*Looking at him with anxious solicitude.*]

But is it possible ? Point the shaft at thee ?

How could he do so ? Oh ! he has no heart

Who could the arrow aim at his own child.

FUR. With anguish did he so—heart-bursting
anguish ;

Compelled he did it—it was for their lives.

HED. Had he a father's heart, rather by far
A thousand times would he have died than done so.

STA. God's gracious mercy should you praise who
brought it

To such a happy issue.

HED. Can I forget
What might have been that issue ? Merciful heavens !
Lived I a thousand years—still see I ever
The boy stand bound—the father take his aim,
And ever flies the arrow to my heart.

MEL. Did you but know how he was goaded to it !

HED. Oh ! the rough heart of man ! If but his
pride

Be once offended, then he stops at nothing,
But stakes, in the blind passion of the game,
The child's existence and the mother's heart.

BAU. What! is your husband's fate not hard
enough,
That you thus add reproaches to his griefs?
And for his sufferings have you no compassion?

HED. [*turning round, and regarding him with an
expressive look*]. Hast thou tears only for a friend's
misfortunes?

Where were you, when the noble, generous one
In chains they laid? Where then was your assist-
ance?

You could look coolly on—the monstrous act
Behold unmoved, and patiently submit
To see your friend torn from the midst of you!
So did not Tell with you! Him did you see
Stand hesitating, when behind you pressed
The bailiff's troopers, and the roaring lake
Swelled high before you? Not with idle tears
Lamented he your fate; into the boat
He sprang, children forgot and wife—and saved you.

FUR. And what could we have done for his assist-
ance,
So few in number, and all quite unarmed?

HED. [*throwing herself on his breast*]. Oh! father,
thou hast lost him too! The land—
We all have lost him! All have need of him!
Alas! he needs us also! God preserve

His soul from dark despair! No friendly voice
 The dull oblivion of his prison-house
 Descends to cheer. What if he should be ill!
 Alas! in the damp darkness of his dungeon
 He must be ill! For as the Alpine rose
 Pales and decays amidst the baneful fumes
 Of marshy exhalations—so for him
 Is there no life, save in the sun's glad light,
 And the free current of the balmy air.
 A prisoner! He! His very breath is freedom,
 And in the gloom of caverns must he die.

STA. Be patient! All of us will do our utmost
 To burst his prison-doors.

HED. What can you do,
 Deprived of him? So long as Tell was free,
 So long there was a hope, and innocence
 Had still a friend—a helper, the oppressed.
 Tell was the saviour of you all—you all,
 Together joined, could not his fetters break.

[*The BARON awakes.*]

BAU. Be silent! See! he moves!

ATT. Where is he?

STA. Who?

ATT. He leaves—abandons me in my last moments!

STA. His nephew 'tis he means. Let him be sent
 for!

FUR. We have already sent. Be comforted!
 His heart has he recovered—he is ours!

ATT. Has he then spoken for his native land?

STA. And with heroic courage.

ATT. Wherefore then
Comes he not my last blessing to receive?
I feel that all will soon be over with me.

STA. Oh ! not so, noble sir ! This short repose
Has quite revived you, and your eye is brighter.

ATT. Life is but sorrow! it is fast departing:
Suffering like hope is now almost extinct!

[*Remarking the Boy.*

Who is the boy?

FUR. Give him your blessing, sir ;
He is my grandchild, and is fatherless.

[HEDWIG kneels down with the Boy before him.

ATT. And fatherless I leave you all behind me—
All. Woe to me that my last looks have seen
The downfall of my country! Have I reached
The utmost term of life, with all my hopes
To perish thus?

STA. [*to FURST*]. In this dark state of trouble
Must he depart, nor on his dying hour
One lovely beam of hope its radiance shed?
Cheer up your sinking spirit, noble sir!
We are not quite forsaken—are not yet
Without redemption lost.

ATT. Who is to save you?

FUR. Ourselves! Listen! The three united lands
Have pledged their word the tyrants to expel.
Concluded is the league: a sacred oath
Has bound us. Ere the year commence anew

Its circle will the destined blow be struck.
Your dust shall rest in a free soil.

ATT. Oh! tell me,
Concluded is the league?

MEL. On the same day
Will all the three lands rise. All is prepared:
The secret well preserved, though shared by hundreds.

Beneath the tyrants' feet the ground is hollow,
The days of their dominion are determined,
And soon will leave no trace that they have been.

ATT. But the strong fortresses within the land?

MEL. All fall on the same day.

ATT. And are the nobles
Associates in this league?

MEL. We do not doubt,
If we should want it, to obtain their help;
But none, save peasants, hitherto have sworn.

ATT. [*raising himself up, astonished*]. And has the
peasant dared so bold a deed
From his own means—without the noble's aid?
Has he in his own strength such confidence?
Nay, then, they have no further need of us!
Then may we sink consoled into the grave!
Another race steps on, and other powers
Shall guard the lofty majesty of man.

[*Laying his hand on the CHILD's head.*]

This head, where lay the apple, is become
The assurance of a new and better freedom.

Time strikes—the old falls with a mighty crash,
And a new life springs blooming from its ruins.

STA. [*to FURST*]. See, what a lustre kindles in his
eye!

Not the last rallying of expiring nature
Is this—it is the gleam of a new life.

ATT. The noble from his ancient seat descends,
And to the cantons swears his civic oath.
In Uchtland—Thurgau—has the strife begun,
Imperial Bern lifts up her lordly head,
Freiberg becomes the asylum of the free.
Awakened Zurich arms her peaceful bands,
And joins the martial host—the might of kings
'Neath her eternal walls is broke to pieces,

[He continues with the tone of inspiration.]

Princes I see, and noble barons come,
In armour clad, and banded for the war,
A harmless race of shepherds to destroy.
For life and death the struggle—many a pass
Ennobled is through bloody resolution!
The peasant flings himself with naked breast,
A willing offering on the band of lances;
He breaks them, and the flower of knighthood falls,
And Freedom raises her victorious banners.

[Taking FURST's and STAUFFACHER's hands.]

But be ye firm and faithful—faithful ever—
No place of freedom stranger to the rest.
Place signals on your mountains, that each band,

When danger calls, may quickly join the other.

Be one—one—one——

[He falls back on the cushion, still holding their hands. FURST and STAUFFACHER regard him for some time in silence, and then step aside to conceal their grief. Meanwhile the ATTENDANTS enter silently and express their sorrow, and some of them kneel down beside him, weeping. During this mute scene the castle-bell tolls.]

Enter RUDENZ, hastily.

RUD. Oh! tell me, does he live? Can he yet hear me?

FUR. You now are our protector and liege lord;
This ancient house has now another name.

RUD. Good God! comes my repentance then too late?

Might he not stay a few short moments longer
To see my altered heart? His faithful voice,
Whilst he enjoyed the light, have I despised!
Now he is gone—for ever gone—and left me
A heavy debt of kindness to repay.

Oh, say! did he depart in anger with me?

STA. He heard what you had done, and dying
blessed

The boldness of your speech.

RUD. *[kneeling beside the body]*. Thou lifeless corse!

Sacred remains of one so dearly loved !
Here on thy hand I swear, now cold in death,
That I have severed every foreign tie,
And to my people rendered back my heart.
Henceforth a Schwitzer am I—and for ever.

[*Rising.*

Mourn for the friend—the father of you all,
But be ye not dismayed ! For not alone
Have I inherited his earthly portion,
His heart descends, his spirit down upon me,
And what his hoary head remained indebted
My active youth shall yet repay to you.
Give me your hand, my honoured sir, and yours,
And Melchtal, yours. Nay, do not hesitate,
Turn not away ! Believe my promises !
Believe my oath !

FUR. Give him your hand ; his heart,
To better feelings won, claims confidence.

MEL. The peasant are you wont to treat with
scorn :
Say ! in what light shall we henceforth regard
you ?

RUD. Oh ! look not on the error of my youth !

STA. ' Be one '—were the last words our father
spoke ;

Bethink you well of that !

MEL. Here is my hand !
And, noble sir, the peasant's grasp is worth
The word of a true man. Deprived of us,

What could the noble do ? And older far
Our order is than yours.

RUD. I honour it,
Will guard it with my sword.

MEL. The arm, Sir Baron,
Which the hard earth knows how to subjugate,
And waters its deep bosom, also knows
How to defend the breast of the free man.

RUD. You shall my breast, and I will yours
defend,
So shall we each be stronger in the other.
But wherefore talk we whilst our native land
Is still a prey to foreign tyranny ?
Let but the soil be wrested from our foes,
In peace will we compose all differences.

[He pauses some moments.]

Are you still silent ? Have you nought to tell me ?
How ! do I not deserve that you should trust
me ?

Nay, then, against your will must I intrude
Into the secret of your union. •
You have a council held—conspired at Rutli ;
I know—know all—know what you there deter-
mined,
And have preserved it as a sacred pledge.
Never—believe me—never have I been
The enemy of my country ! Never would I
Aught have attempted 'gainst your liberties !
But ye did wrong to put it off so long,

FUR. What would you undertake ?

RUD.

Alas ! I know not !

In this obscurity which veils her fate,
This horrible anguish of uncertainty,
One only ray of comfort gleams upon me !
Amidst the ruins of tyrannic power
Alone can she be rescued from the grave ;
The forts must all be levelled with the ground,
So may we pierce, perchance, into her dungeon.

MEL. Come, lead us on ! We follow ! Why till
morning

Put off what may as well be done to-day ?
Free was the Tell when we at Rutli swore,
Nor had the deed of horror yet been done.
The altered times impose a different law :
Who is the dastard that would tremble now ?

RUD. Meanwhile take arms, and, for the work prepared,

Watch ye the beacon-lights upon the mountains ;
For swifter than the sail that bears a message
Shall the glad tidings of our victory reach you.
See then ye kindle high the welcome flames,
Burst like a thunder-bolt upon the foe,
And break the bow of tyranny asunder.

[They go off.]

SCENE III.—*A hollow way near Kussnacht, over which TRAVELLERS are passing. The whole scene is surrounded by rocks, one of which is seen jutting forwards, and covered with bushes.*

Enter TELL, with his crossbow.

TELL. Through this deep narrow passage must he come,

There leads no other way to Kussnacht. Here
I do it! The opportunity is lucky :
Yon elder-brushwood forms a shady covert,
Whence the avenging arrow well may reach him :
The narrow way must hinder all pursuit.
With heaven make up thy reckoning quickly, bailiff,
Thou must away—thine hour is well-nigh run.

I lived quiet and innocent. My bow
Was never bent save 'gainst the animals
That roam the waste : my thoughts were free from
murder.

Out of my peace hast thou affrighted me,
And into poisonous gall the milk hast changed
Of pious thoughtfulness. To monstrous deeds
Hast thou accustomed me—and he who could
At a beloved child take steady aim
Will scarcely miss the bosom of his foe.

The innocent children—the defenceless ones,
The good and faithful wife, must I protect

Against thy fury, bailiff. When the bow
I raised, and drew the string with trembling hand ;
When thou with devilish joy didst urge me on
To aim the murderous weapon at my child,
And I with earnest supplication strove
To win thee from thy purpose—and thou wouldst
not ;

Then did I swear within my bursting heart
A fearful oath, and heard by none save God,
When the next arrow parted from my bow,
Its mark should be thy heart. What then I swore
In the deep anguish of that horrible moment—
It is a sacred debt—and I will pay it.

Thou art my liege lord, and my Emperor's servant,
But never would the Emperor have permitted
Himself, what thou—— He sent thee to this land
To deal out justice—harsh—for he loves us not,
But not to indulge, unpunished, each bad wish,
Each guilty impulse of a cruel heart.
There lives a God to punish and avenge !
Come thou then forth, bringer of bitter sorrows,
My dearest jewel now, my greatest treasure !
An object will I give thee, which till now
Was never pierced by pity's gentle prayer,
But shall not stand 'gainst thee. And oh ! do thou,
My trusty bowstring, who so oft before
Hast served me truly in the games of skill,
Do not forsake me in this fearful earnest !

Hold but now fast, my trusty cord, who oft
Hast winged the bitter arrow to its mark,
For if this parts all powerless from my hand,
I have no second to send after it.

[TRAVELLERS *go over the stage.*

Here on this bench of stone I sit me down,
Hewn to afford the wearied traveller
A short repose—for here there is no home.
Each presses forward, hurrying on his way,
A passing glance of strange inquiry casts
On each he meets, but asks not of his woes.
Here goes the merchant, pondering on his cares,
The light-accoutred pilgrim, pious monk,
The gloomy robber, and the cheerful player,
The carrier with his heavy-laden horse
Who comes from distant lands—for every way
Leads to the ends of earth. They all go forth,
Each on his separate errand : mine is murder !

[*He sits down.*

Once, when your father left his cot, dear children,
It was a joy to see him home return ;
For ne'er did he forget to bring you something,
Perchance a lovely Alpine flower, perchance
A rarer bird, or curious ammon's horn,
Such as the wanderer finds upon the mountains.
But now he goes on different sport intent,
On the wild way he sits with murderous thoughts,
And watches for the life-blood of his foe.

And yet, even now, on you he thinks, dear children,
Even now—and 'tis your holy innocence
From the fell tyrant's vengeance to protect,
That now he stands, and bends the bow for murder.

[*He rises.*]

I watch for noble game ! Why the poor hunter
Would never hesitate, for whole days long
To strive with winter's stern severity,
From rock to rock to make the daring spring,
To climb the glassy walls of solid ice,
To which he glues himself with his own blood,
And all to ensnare a poor ignoble chamois !
I seek a costlier prize to win—his heart—
The deadly enemy's who would destroy me.

[*Lively music is heard approaching from a distance.*]

Handled have I my whole life long the bow,
And made familiar every rule of art ;
Oft have I fixed my arrow in the black,
And many a lovely prize have homeward borne,
Won in the games of skill : but here to-day
Will I achieve my master-shot—myself
Prove the best archer in the mountains round.

A Bridal Train passes over the stage, and along the road.

TELL stands leaning on his bow, observing it.

STUSSI leaves the procession, and joins him.

STU. The convent-farmer 'tis from Morlischachen
Whose wedding passes yonder. He is rich,

And full ten herds he pastures on the Alps.
His wife he now brings home from Imisee :
Brave doings shall we have to-night at Kussnacht !
Come with us ! every honest man's invited.

TELL. A gloomy guest suits not the marriage
feast.

STU. If care oppress thee, fling it briskly off.
Take what presents itself: the times are heavy,
And, therefore, lightly seize the passing joy.
Here is a bridal, yonder is a burial.

TELL. And often one comes hard upon the other.

STU. So goes the world ! Well ! everywhere is
found

Unhappiness enough. The land of Glaris
Is now in great amaze, and of the Glarnisch
They say that a whole side is fallen in.

TELL. What ! do the mountains totter ? On the
earth
Is nothing firm ?

STU. Elsewhere strange things have
happened.

I spoke with one who came from Baden hither.
A knight was spurring to the Emperor's Court,
When on the road he met a swarm of hornets,
Which fell upon his horse, and stung it so,
That, mad with pain, it downward dropped, and
died,

And he before the King on foot arrived.

TELL. Even to the weak is given a sting.

Enter ARMGART with several CHILDREN, and places herself at the entrance of the pass.

STU. Men think
It bodes some dire disaster to the land,
Some heavy deed 'gainst nature.

TELL. Every day
Brings forth such deeds—they need no prodigies.

STU. Yes, well for him who tills his field in peace,
And dwells at home securely with his friends!

TELL. Yet cannot the most pious live in peace,
If wicked neighbours seek to hinder it.

[He keeps looking anxiously up the pass.]

STU. Farewell! You wait for some one here?

TELL. I do.

STU. A happy meeting with your family
From Uri, are you not? Our gracious lord,
The bailiff, is expected thence to-day.

TRAVELLER. The bailiff here to-day expect no
longer :

The waters with the heavy rains are out,
And all the bridges broke down by the torrents.

ARM. The bailiff comes not?

STU. Would you aught with him?

ARM. Indeed I would!

STU. Then wherefore place yourself
Right in his passage in this narrow way?

ARM. Here he cannot avoid me! He must hear
me!

Enter FRIESSHARDT, hastily

FRI. Clear the road there ! Our gracious lord,
the bailiff,

Rides hard upon my heels. [TELL goes out.

ARM. [*quickly*]. The bailiff comes !

[GESLER and RUDOLPH DER HARRAS appear
on horseback towards the head of the pass.

STU. [*to FRIESSHARDT*]. How came you through
the waters when the stream

Has swept away the bridges ?

FRI. With the lake

Have we fought, friend, and fear no mountain-
torrent.

STU. What ! in the storm were you on board the
ship ?

FRI. Indeed we were ! I shall not soon forget it.

STU. Oh ! let us hear——

FRI. I cannot ! I must on,

To announce the bailiff's coming at the castle.

[*Goes on.*

STU. Had honest people been on board the vessel
Down had she gone with every living soul ;
But fire nor water touches such as these !

[*Looking round him,*
Where is the hunter gone with whom I spoke ?

Enter GESLER and RUDOLPH DER HARRAS.

GES. Say what you will, I am the Emperor's servant,

And my first care must be to do his pleasure.

He sent me not into this land the people

To flatter and caress : obedience

Is what he looks for ; and the struggle is

Whether the boor be master here or we.

ARM. Now is the moment ! Now will I prefer it !

[Approaches timidly.]

GES. Neither did I the hat set up at Altorf

For idle sport to try the people's hearts.

These have I known long since. I set it up

That they might learn to bow their stubborn necks,

Which they have borne too stiffly : in their way

An inconvenient obstacle have planted,

Which they must pass, and when it meets their eyes,

Recall to mind their lord, whom they forget.

HAR. Yet do the people certain rights possess——

GES. Which 'tis no time to weigh. Important measures

Are now in action. The imperial house

Would stretch its power and influence. What the father

Has gloriously begun the son would finish.

This little people is our stumbling-block,

And must—this way or that—be flung aside.

ARM. [*throwing herself before him*]. Show pity on me, sir! Oh, mercy, mercy!

GES. What makes you on the public road obstruct My passage? Back!

ARM. My husband lies in prison,
My wretched orphans cry for bread. Have pity,
Dread sir, on our great misery!

HAR. Who are you?
Who is your husband?

ARM. A poor mower, sir,
Who dwells upon the Rigiberg, and crops,
Upon the very brink of the abyss,
The unowned grass that tufts its craggy walls,
Where scarce the cattle dare to trust themselves.

HAR. [*to the BAILIFF*]. By heavens! a sad and pitiable life!
I do beseech you set the poor man free.
Whate'er has been his crime, this dreadful trade
Is surely, sir, quite punishment enough.

[*To the WOMAN.*]
You will have justice done you. To the castle
With your petition! This is not the place.

ARM. No! from this spot I move not till the bailiff
Has promised me my husband to restore.
Already now six months he lies in prison,
And waits the sentence of the judge in vain.

GES. Woman, dost think to force me to thy purpose?

ARM. Justice, lord bailiff! In the Emperor's place

Here art thou judge, and in the place of God.
Perform thy duty therefore. As from heaven
Thou hop'st for justice, justice show to us.

GES. On! Drive these saucy beggars from my sight!

ARM. [*seizing the bridle of the horse*]. No! no! I
now have nothing more to lose.

Bailiff, thou shalt not from this spot depart
Till thou hast given thine answer. Knit thy brow;
Roll as thou wilt thine eye! We are become
So desperately unhappy that we care
No longer for thine anger.

GES. Woman! Room!

Or else my horse shall go right over thee.

ARM. Let it go over me. There——

[*She flings down her children, and throws herself
with them in his way.*]

Here I lie,

With my poor children. Let the wretched orphans
Beneath thy horse's feet be trod to pieces;
It will not be the worst that thou hast done.

HAR. What, woman, art thou mad?

ARM. The Emperor's land
Hast thou long trampled under foot! I am
Only a woman. Were I but a man,
Soon would I better means employ than thus
Here in the dust to lie.

GES. Where are my servants?

Let her be dragged away, or else I may
Forget myself, and do what will repent me.

HAR. The servants cannot pierce the crowd, my
lord :

The narrow pass is stopped up by a wedding.

GES. Too mild a ruler have I hitherto
Been to this people. Still their tongues are free.
They have not, as they shall be, yet been curbed.
It shall be otherwise, I promise you !
I will yet break this stubborn feeling down,
This saucy spirit of freedom will I bow,
New and severer laws throughout the land
Will promulgate—will——

*[He is transfixed with an arrow, puts his hand to
his heart, and threatens to fall.]*

God be gracious to me !

HAR. Lord governor—what is that ? God !
Whence came that ?

ARM. Murder ! murder ! He totters, sinks ! Is
wounded !

HAR. *[springing from his horse]*. Oh ! horrible
event ! My God ! Sir Knight,
Implore God's gracious mercy on your soul !
You're on the brink of death.

GES. That shot was Tell's !

*[He sinks from his horse into RUDOLPH'S arms,
who places him on the bank.]*

TELL. [*on the rock*]. Thou know'st, indeed, the shooter! Seek no other!

Free are our huts, secure is innocence

From thee! The land thou wilt oppress no more!

[*He disappears. PEOPLE rush in.*]

STU. What is the matter! What has happened here?

ARM. The governor is shot through with an arrow.

PEOPLE. [*rushing in*]. Who is it that is shot?

HAR. He bleeds to death?

Off! Bring some help! Pursue the murderer!

Unhappy man, thus must it end with thee?

But thou wouldst never listen to my warning!

STU. By heavens! he lies there pale and void of life.

MANY VOICES. Who did the deed?

HAR. What! are these people mad,
That murder is with them a time for music?
Let it be silenced!

[*The music breaks suddenly off. More PEOPLE rush in.*]

Sir! if you can, oh! speak.

Have you nought further to entrust me with?

What would you? Whither would you go? To
Kussnacht?

I understand you not! Be not impatient!

Oh! leave all earthly thoughts! Think only now
How best to reconcile yourself with heaven!

STU. See, see, how pale he lies ! Death settles now
Upon his heart ! His eyes are fixed and glassy.

ARM. See, children, see ! Behold how tyrants die !

HAR. Light-minded women, have you lost all
feeling

That on such horrors you can feed your looks !
Help ! Lend me here a hand. Will none assist
The painful arrow from his breast to draw ?

WOMEN. Him shall we touch whom God himself
has stricken ?

HAR. Death and damnation seize you !

[Draws his sword.]

STU. *[stopping his arm]*. Dare it, sir !

Your insolent dominion's at an end.
The tyrant of the land is fallen. We
Endure your power no more. We are free men.

ALL. *[tumultuously]*. The land is free !

HAR. What ! is it come to this ?

Ends fear so speedily, and obedience ?

[To the GUARDS, who hurry in.]

The dreadful deed of murder ye behold,
Which has been done ! Help is impossible !
The murderer to pursue were all in vain !
More pressing cares claim our attention. Quick !
Let us away to Kussnacht, and preserve
His fortress to the Emperor ! In a moment
All order is dissolved, all bonds of duty,
And no man's faith is to be trusted more.

[They go off.]

ARM. Room ! room ! • here comes the Brotherhood
of Mercy !

STU. The victim lies—the ravens pounce upon
him !

Enter the BROTHERS OF MERCY, who place themselves round the body in a half-circle, and sing in a solemn tone.

With hasty step death presses on,
Nor grants to man a moment's stay ;
He falls ere half his race be run,
In manhood's pride is swept away ;
Prepared, or unprepared, to die,
He stands before his Judge on high.

[Whilst they are repeating the last lines the curtain falls.]

ACT V.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An open place near Altorf. In the background, to the right, the fortress with the scaffolding still standing; to the left, a view towards the mountains, on all of which beacons are blazing. The time is about daybreak. Bells are heard in the distance.*

RUODI, KUONI, WERNI, *the STONEMASON, and many other* PEASANTS, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

RUO. See ye the beacon-flames upon the mountains?

STONE. Hear ye the bells sound over from the forest?

RUO. The enemy is expelled!

STONE. The castle's fallen!

RUO. And we of Uri still endure to see
Within our land a hold of tyranny!
Are we the last, then, to assert our freedom?

STONE. Shall the yoke stand that was to bow our
necks?

Down with it to the ground !

ALL.

Down with it ! down !

RUO. Is Stier of Uri here ?

STIER.

I'm here ! What would

ye ?

RUO. Ascend the signal-post, blow loud your
horn,

That it resound wide-spreading through the moun-
tains,

And every echo in the rocky clefts

Awakening, instantly assemble all

Who dwell within their circuit. [STIER goes out.

Enter WALTER FURST.

FUR.

Gently, friends !

We know not yet what has been done in Schwitz

Or Unterwalden. Wait first to receive

A messenger.

RUO.

Why wait ? The tyrant's dead !

The day of freedom has already dawned !

STONE. Are not these flames sufficient messengers,
Which kindle every summit round about ?

RUO. Come all ! Begin the work—both men and
women !

Tear down the scaffolds ! Spring the arches !

Raze

The walls ! No stone be left upon the other !

STONE. Come, comrades, come ! We helped to
build it up,
We surely may destroy it !
ALL [*rushing upon the building*]. Tear it down !
FUR. It has the rein—I can no longer hold it !

Enter MELCHTAL and BAUMGARTEN.

MEL. What ! stands the castle yet—when Sarnen
lies
In ashes—Rossberg is a heap of ruins ?
FUR. Is that you, Melchtal ? News of freedom
bring you ?
Say ! is the land cleared from our enemies ?
MEL. The ground is clear. Rejoice ! Even
whilst we speak
Not one of all our tyrants can be found
In Switzerland.

FUR. Oh ! tell us how you gained
Possession of the forts ?

MEL. Rudenz it was,
Who by an act of bold and manly daring
The fort of Sarnen won. Rossberg had I
The night preceding scaled. But hear what hap-
pened !

Whilst we our foes were driving from the place,
Now happily in flames, which crackling rose,
And ruddied o'er the sky—out Diethelm rushed,

My fault it is not, that the light of day
 His eyes still gladdens, who my father blinded.
 Hotly I chased him—reached him in his flight,
 And dragged him to my father's feet. Already
 Over his head suspended was the sword,
 When from the pity of the blind old man,
 He sued for, and obtained, the gift of life.
 The Urphed oath he swore not to return :
 And he will keep it—he has felt our arm.

FUR. Oh ! well for you that your pure victory
 You have not stained with blood !

CHILDREN [*hurrying over the stage with fragments of
 scaffolding*]. Freedom ! freedom !

[*The horn of Uri is loudly blown.*]

FUR. See ! what a festive scene ! This day will
 children
 To the last day of hoary age remember.

*Enter a troop of GIRLS, bearing the hat on a pole, and
 accompanied by a crowd of persons.*

RUO. Here is the hat to which we were to bow !

BAU. Direct us how we shall dispose of it.

FUR. God ! under this very hat my grandchild
 stood.

MANY VOICES. Blot out the memory of tyrant-
 power !

Into the flames with it !

FUR.

No ! no ! preserve it !

ROS. We live in awful times !

FUR. Proceed ! What is it ?

Ah ! Werner, are you there ? What brings you hither ?

• PEAS. What is the matter ?

ROS. Hear, and be astonished !

STA. From a great cause of dread are we delivered !

ROS. The Emperor is murdered.

FUR. Gracious God !

ALL [*crowding round* STAUFFACHER]. Murdered ?

The Emperor murdered ? Hear ! The Emperor

MEL. It is not possible ! How came the news ?

STA. It is all true : King Albrecht fell at Bruck,
And by a murderer's hand. A man of credit,
Johannes Muller, brought it from Schaffhausen.

FUR. Who dared commit so horrible a crime ?

STA. A crime more horrible in the doer of it !
It was his nephew, his own brother's child,
Duke John of Swabia, who did the deed.

MEL. What urged him to this act of parricide ?

STA. The Emperor his paternal heritage
Kept from the impatient suitor back. 'Tis said
He thought to pay him with a bishop's hat.
Be this or not—the youth his ear inclined
To evil counsel from his friends in arms ;
And with the noble Lords von Eschenbach,
Von Tagerfelden, von der Wart, and Palm,
Hopeless by other means his rights to win,
Resolved by his own hand to avenge himself.

FUR. Oh! say, how was the dreadful act accomplished?

STA. The King was riding down from Stein to Baden,

To visit Rheinfeld, where his Court he held,
Followed by noble lords of high degree,
Amongst the rest Prince John and Leopold.
But when they reached the passage of the Reuss,
The murderers seized the opportunity
To spring into the bark which bore the King,
And part him from his train. And as the King
Pushed on his horse across a fresh-ploughed field,
Where 'neath the soil have lain for many an age
The extended ruins of a once proud city,
The ancient tower of Hapsburg full in sight,
Where first the glories of his race began ;
His dagger plunged Duke John into his throat,
Von Palm ran through his body with a spear,
And Eschenbach his skull severed in twain,
So that he fell all weltering in his blood,
Murdered in his own home, by his own kindred.
His followers, standing on the further bank,
Witnessed the deed, but, hindered by the stream,
Could only raise a powerless cry of terror ;
But a poor woman sat by the roadside,
And in her lap the Emperor bled to death.

MEL. So has he dug his own untimely grave,
Who would insatiably have grasped at all.

STA. A dread amazement has possessed the land :

Secured are all the passes of the mountains ;
Each place upon its boundaries sets a guard :
Even ancient Zurich barricades her gates,
Which now for thirty years have open stood,
The murderers fearing—and still more the avenger.
For, with the ban of interdiction armed,
Comes the Hungarian Queen, the cruel Agnes,
Who of the mildness of her gentle sex
Knows nothing, and her father's kingly blood
On their whole race determined to avenge,
Upon their servants, children, children's children,
Yea, on the very stones that wall their castles.
Sworn has she all who bear the hated name
Down to despatch into her father's grave,
And bathe herself in blood as in May-dew.

MEL. Whither the murderers have fled, know
you?

STA. Soon as the act was perpetrated all
Fled, each a different way, to meet no more.
Duke John is said to wander in the mountains.

FUR. So no advantage yields their crime to
them !

Revenge yields no advantage ! To itself
'Tis its own deadly nourishment : its taste
Brings with it murder, and its fulness horror.

STA. The crime yields to the murderers no advantage,
But we with stainless hands the happy fruits
Of this most bloody deed may freely gather.

Removed is now our greatest cause of dread,
For fallen is freedom's greatest enemy ;
And, as is current, will the sceptre pass
From Hapsburg's house into another line.
The Empire cannot fail to reassert
Its liberty of choice.

SEVERAL VOICES. Have you heard aught ?

STA. The Count of Luxemburg is named already
By a majority.

FUR. 'Tis well for us
That by the Empire we have firmly stood :
Now may we hope some justice to experience.

STA. And steady friends will our new master
need :
He will protect us against Austria's vengeance.

Enter SACRISTAN, with a MESSENGER.

SAC. Here are our worthy magistrates ?

ROS. What is the matter ?

SAC. A messenger of the Empire brings this
writing.

ALL. Break it, and read !

FUR. To the deserving men
Of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, sends
The Queen Elizabeth favour and all good.

MANY VOICES. What would the Queen ? Her
empire is concluded.

FUR. In the great sorrow, and forlorn condition,

Has he sown in these valleys. • He was raised
Upon a lofty place, and might have been
The father of his people, but he chose
Rather to seek the advantage of his own :
Let those who reaped the harvest weep for him ! •

FUR. We will not dance in triumph o'er his fall,
The evil he hath done remember now :
Far be such thoughts from us ! But that we
should

His death avenge who never did us good,
Those persecute who never injured us,
Becomes us not—belongs not to our duty.
Love must be a free offering. Death absolves
From all forced obligations : and to him
Now have we nothing further to discharge.

MEL. And does the Queen in her lone chamber
weep ?

And do her wild reproaches Heaven accuse ?
Here may you see a people, freed from sorrow,
To that same Heaven send up its grateful prayers.
Who tears would reap the seeds of love must
scatter. [MESSENGER *departs*.

STA. Where is brave Tell ? Shall he alone be
wanting,

Who of our freedom is the founder ? He
The greatest has achieved—the hardest suffered.
Come ! hasten to his dwelling, and invoke
Blessings on him, the saviour of us all !

SCENE II.—*An outer room in TELL's house, with the door standing open ; a fire burning on the hearth.*

HEDWIG, WALTER, and WILLIAM.

HED. To-day returns your father. Dear, dear children !

He lives, is free ! and we are free, and all !
And 'tis your father who the land has saved.

WAL. And I, dear mother, have assisted also ;
Me must they name with him ! My father's arrow
In peril placed my life, and I did not
So much as tremble.

HED. Yes, a second time
Thou'rt given to me ! Twice have I given thee
birth,

Twice have I borne for thee a mother's pangs !
But it is passed—I have you both again !
And your dear father home returns to-day !

[A MONK *appears at the door.*

WILL. See, mother, see ! there stands a pious
Brother,
Who doubtless asks an alms.

HED. Conduct him in,
And give him some refreshment ! Let him feel
That he is come into the house of gladness.

[*She goes, and returns with a cup.*

WILL. Enter, good man ! my mother brings re-
freshment !

WAL. Come, rest yourself, and go recruited hence !

MONK [*gazing wildly around him*]. Where am I ?

Tell me in what land I am !

WAL. Are you bewildered, that you know not that ?

You are at Burglen, in the land of Uri,

Through which the traveller seeks the Schachenthal.

MONK. Are you alone ? Is not your husband with you ?

HED. I look for him even now. But what's the matter ?

You seem not like a messenger of good !

Whoe'er you be, you need assistance ! Take it !

[*Giving him the cup.*]

MONK. Although my fainting soul thirsts for refreshment,

I will not touch it till you promise me——

HED. Touch not my garments—come not nearer to me ;

Remain aloof if you would have me hear you !

MONK. Here by this fire which hospitably blazes,
By the beloved heads of these your children,
Which I embrace——

HED. Man ! what is it you mean ?

Back ! from my children back ! You are no monk !

No ! no ! Under these garments peace should dwell,

But in your troubled features peace dwells not.

MONK. I am of all mankind the most unhappy !

HED. Unhappiness speaks strongly to the heart,
But your looks cause my inmost soul to shudder.

WAL. [*springing up*]. Mother!—my father!

[*He hurries out.*]

HED. [*attempting to follow*]. O my God!

WILL.

Our father!

WAL. And thou art here again!

WILL. . My dear, dear father!

TELL. Yes! here I am again! Where is your
mother?

WAL. There at the door she stands, and cannot
further,
So trembles she for terror and for joy!

TELL. Oh! Hedwig! Hedwig! mother of my
children!

God has preserved; no tyrant parts us more.

HED. Oh, Tell! what have I not endured for
thee!

[*The MONK becomes attentive.*]

TELL. Forget it now, and live only for joy!
See, here I am again! This is my hut!
And here I stand once more in my own home!

WILL. But, father, where hast thou thy crossbow
left?

I see that not.

TELL. And never more wilt see it!
Within a holy place it is preserved,
Never to serve the hunter's purpose more.

HED. Oh, Tell! oh, Tell!

TELL. What frights thee, dearest wife?

HED. How—how—dost thou return to me! This hand—

May I dare press it? Gracious God! This hand——

TELL. Has you protected, and my country saved,
And freely up to Heaven I dare to raise it.

[The MONK makes a sudden motion.]

Who is the brother here?

HED. I had forgot him!
Speak thou with him—his presence frightens me.

MONK. Are you that Tell by whom the bailiff fell?

TELL. I am, and from no mortal seek to hide it.

MONK. You are that Tell! Then is it God's own hand

Which has beneath your roof conducted me.

TELL. You are no monk! Who are you?

MONK. You have slain
The bailiff who had injured you. I also
Have slain an enemy who refused me justice.
Your enemy he was as well as mine,
And I have rid the land of him.

TELL. *[stepping back]*. You are—
Horrible! Children, children! go—get hence!
Go, dearest wife! Go, go! Unhappy man!
Could you be——

HED. Heavens, who is it?

TELL. Do not ask !
Away, away ! The children must not hear !
The house abandon ! Under the same roof
Thou shouldst not dwell a moment with this
man.

HED. Alas ! who is it ? Come !

[*Goes out with the CHILDREN.*]

TELL. You are the Duke
Of Austria ! You are ! and you have slain
The Emperor—your uncle and liege-lord !

DUKE. He had despoiled me of my heritage.

TELL. Your uncle slain—your Emperor ! And
the earth

Yet bears you ! And the sun yet looks upon you !

DUKE. Tell, hear me, ere you——

TELL. Dropping with the blood
Of one so near to thee, and so exalted,
Dar'st thou my unpolluted dwelling enter !
Dar'st thou to a good man thy face present,
And claim the rights of hospitality ?

DUKE. From you I hoped to find compassion !
—you
Took vengeance on your foe !

TELL. Unhappy man !
Wouldst thou ambition's bloody crime confound
With the stern duty urged upon a father ?
Hast thou a child's beloved head protected,
Guarded the holy sanctuary of thy home,
The last—the fearfullest extremity,

From all thou most art bound to ward off?
To Heaven I lift my spotless hands, and curse
Thee and thy deed. I only have avenged
That holy nature thou hast dared to shame.
Nought do I share with thee: murdered hast thou;
I but defended what was dearest to me.

DUKE. And will you from your presence drive me
thus,
Forlorn—despairing?

TELL. Horror fills my soul,
Whilst I discourse with thee! Away! pursue
Thy fearful path, and unpolluted leave
The happy cot where dwell the innocent.

DUKE. Then longer live I cannot, and I will not!

TELL. And yet I pity thee! Great God in
heaven!

So young, from such a noble stem derived,
Grandson of Rudolph, my liege-lord and Emperor,
An outlawed murderer, on my threshold here,
Mine, the poor man's—entreating and despairing!

[Concealing his face.]

DUKE. If you can weep, oh! let my destiny
Move pity! It is terrible! A prince—
I was—might have lived happily,
Had I controlled the impatience of my wishes.
But envy gnawed my bosom, when I saw
My cousin Leopold, although so young,
With land rewarded and with glory crowned;

Whilst I, of equal age, was doomed my youth •
To pine away in slavish pupilage.

TELL. Unhappy man! well did thy uncle know
thee,

When he denied thee land and people. Thou,
By this rash, frenzied act, hast fearfully
Thyself his wise precaution justified.

Where are the bloody partners of thy guilt?

DUKE. Where the avenging spirit drives them! I
Have never seen them since that fatal day.

TELL. Know'st thou that thou art outlawed—art
alike

Dead to each friend, abandoned to each foe?

DUKE. Therefore avoid I every beaten track,
No cottage dare approach to beg for shelter,
Turn to the wilderness my fainting steps,
A terror to myself roam through the mountains,
And shuddering back from my own shadow start
If but a brook reflect my unblest image.
Oh! if you feel humanity and pity—

[Falling down before him.]

TELL. Stand up! stand up!

DUKE. Not till your hand you reach,
To promise me assistance.

TELL. Can I help you?
Can I, a sinful mortal? But stand up!
Though horrible your crime, you are a man:
I also am a man, and none from Tell

Shall e'er depart without receiving comfort.
All that is possible, that will I do.

DUKE. O Tell,
You save me from despair !

TELL. Let go my hand !
You must away ! Here could you not remain
Without discovery ; and, discovered, could not
Count on protection. Whither will you turn ?
Where hope you peace to find ?

DUKE. Alas ! I know not !

TELL. Hear then what Heaven suggests ! You
must away
To Italy, and seek St. Peter's city ;
There fall before the footstool of the Pope,
Confess your crime, and purify your soul.

DUKE. Will he not to the avenger give me
over ?

TELL. Whate'er he wills receive as God's decree.

DUKE. How shall I come into the unknown
land ?

I have no knowledge of the way, and dare not
Follow the steps of those who journey thither.

TELL. The way will I describe to you : mark
well !

Hence you ascend beside the impetuous Reuss,
Which, a wild torrent, rushes from the mountains.

DUKE. See I the Reuss ? The bloody deed it
witnessed !

TELL. Close on the precipice ascends the road,

By many a cross distinguished, raised to those,
Who buried lie beneath the avalanche.

DUKE. Not Nature's wildest terrors would appal
me

Could I but quell the torments of the heart.

TELL. Before each cross fall down, and expiate
With hot repentant tears your heavy guilt ;
And should you safely pass this glen of terrors,
Sends not the mountain from its icy summit
Down on your head the avenging avalanche,
You reach the fearful bridge, which the wild
torrent,

Foaming impetuous down, half hides in spray.
And if it break not in beneath your guilt,
Have you that danger happily escaped,
The yawning cliff presents a gloomy chasm
Which day has never visited—this passed
Conducts you to a cheerful vale of gladness,
But hurrying steps must bear you swift across
it,

You may not linger near the abodes of peace.

DUKE. O Rudolph ! Rudolph ! kingly ancestor ! .
Enters thy grandson thus on thy domains ?

TELL. Ascending ever thus, the heights you
reach
Of the St. Gothard, where the eternal lakes
Are filled from heaven's own reservoirs. You there
Take leave of this our German land ; and thence
Another stream with gentler current down

Conducts you to the promised^c Italy.

[*The sound of many horns is heard, playing the Ranz-des-vaches.*

Voices I hear ! Away !

HED. [*hurrying in*]. Where art thou, Tell ?
Thy father comes, and the confederates
Approach in glad procession.

DUKE. Woe is me !
I dare not tarry where the happy dwell.

TELL. Go, dearest wife ! procure this man refresh-
ment :

With gifts provide him largely—for his way
Lies distant far, and he will find no shelter.
Be quick ! they come !

HED. Who is it ?

TELL. Do not ask ;
And when he leaves thee, turn away thine eyes,
That they perceive not towards what point he
journeys.

[*The DUKE makes a sudden motion, as if about to approach TELL, who warns him off with his hand, and they leave the cottage, on different sides.*

SCENE III.—*Opens and discovers the whole of the valley before TELL'S cottage, with the eminences which surround it, covered with PEASANTS, who collect themselves towards one spot. Others are seen descending a steep path which leads over the Schachen. WALTER FURST, with the two BOYS, MELCHTAL, and STAUFFACHER, come forwards; others press after them. As soon as TELL steps out of the house, all receive him with the greatest demonstrations of gladness.*

ALL. Long live our archer, and our saviour,
Tell!

While those who are the nearest press round TELL, and embrace him, RUDENZ and BERTHA enter, and warmly congratulate HEDWIG and the PEASANTS. The music from the mountains accompanies this mute scene. As soon as it is ended, BERTHA steps forward into the midst of the PEOPLE, and speaks.

BER. Confederates! countrymen! Me also take
Into your league—the first, the happiest,
Who has found safety in the land of freedom.
In your brave hands I place my fortunes! Say!
Will you defend me as a citizen?

PEAS. With goods and life will we.

BER.

To this young man

My hand with all my rights, then, here I give—
The free Swiss heiress to the free Swiss man.

RUD. And here declare I all my vassals free.

*[As the music suddenly recommences, the
curtain falls.]*

THE END.

LONDON: BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND W. S. GILBERT.

SONGS OF TWO SAVOYARDS. Words and Illustrations by W. S. GILBERT. Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Imperial 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.

ÉDITION DE LUXE OF LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS, with many Illustrations. (Limited to 500 copies.)

MULHALL'S DICTIONARY OF STATISTICS. Enlarged Edition, 640 pp. Super-royal 8vo, cloth, 31s. 6d.

ÉDITION DE LUXE OF THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By LORD LYTTON. With many Illustrations. (Limited to 500 copies.) 10s. 6d.

ÉDITION DE LUXE OF THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE. By LORD LYTTON. With Steel Plates. (Limited to 500 copies.) 10s. 6d.

THE MIGNON SHAKSPERE. 6 vols., cloth, 15s. ; in a box, 21s. ; and in French seal, limp, round corners, gilt edges, in box, 36s. ; in Alsatian morocco, ditto, 42s. ; in polished Alsatian morocco, ditto, 52s. 6d. ; in calf, ditto, 63s.

THE RED-LINE SHAKSPERE. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. 3 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 21s. ; and in tree calf, half calf, and half morocco bindings.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON. Edited by HENRY MORLEY. 5 vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 25s. ; and in half leather, gilt tops, 31s. 6d.

LONDON, GLASGOW, MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK

HENRY MORLEY'S CARISBROOKE LIBRARY.

Complete in Fourteen Volumes. Demy 8vo, cloth, £2 9s. ;
and half roan, gilt tops, £3 10s.

BOOKS AND PAPERS BY HENRY MORLEY

1850—1866. Eight Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. each.

Order of Publication.

Vol. I. —Early Papers.

„ II. —The Journal of a London Playgoer.

„ III. —Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair.

„ IV. —Jerome Cardan.

„ V. —Fairy Tales.

„ VI. —Cornelius Agrippa.

„ VII. —Palissy the Potter.

„ VIII. —Clement Marot, and other Studies.

Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence each ; cloth, gilt edges.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. With 110 Illustrations by J. D. WATSON, and 12 Coloured Illustrations from designs by A. W. COOPER.

MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES AND FAIRY TALES. With 500 Illustrations and 12 Coloured Plates by E. J. WHEELER.

Price Five Shillings each.

LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE FOR 1892. Edited by Mrs. SALE BARKER. (Eighteenth year of publication.) Cloth, 5s. ; and in boards, 3s. 6d.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PATIENCE GAMES. Edited by Professor HOFFMANN, with many Diagrams printed in Red and Black.

THE BOOK OF NOTABLE VOYAGERS. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With many Illustrations.

THE BOOKLET EDITON OF CALDECOTT'S PICTURE BOOK, containing The Elegy on a Mad Dog, Babes in the Wood, John Gilpin, and the House that Jack Built.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence each.

ROUTLEDGE'S COMPANION DICTIONARY. Revised to date, printed on Bible paper, with Red Line, 6 inches by 3½, half bound.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence each—continued.

HYPNOTISM. By Dr. FOVEAU DE COURMELLES. Translated by LAURA ENSOR. With 42 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

THE PARACHUTE AND OTHER BAD SHOTS. By J. R. JOHNSON. Illustrated by CHARLES E. BROCK.

CHESS. By L. HOFFER.

W. S. CAINE'S TRIP ROUND THE WORLD. New and Cheaper Edition.

TALES OF CHARLTON SCHOOL. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS. An entirely New Edition, with 48 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

ROUTLEDGE'S THREE-AND-SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.—NEW VOLUMES.

Captain; the Adventures of a Dog. With 76 Illustrations by MYRBACH.

The Children of the New Forest. By Captain MARRYAT. With 62 Illustrations.

Earthquakes. By ARNOLD BOSCOWITZ. With 57 Illustrations.

The Little Savage. By Captain MARRYAT. With 57 Illustrations.

SMALL BOYS IN BIG BOOTS. By the Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York." With 30 Illustrations. Cloth gilt. New and Cheaper Edition.

THE PET ANIMALS PICTURE BOOK. Printed in Colours by VAN LEER. Cloth gilt.

EDGEWORTH'S POPULAR TALES. Set in New Type, with original Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

EDGEWORTH'S MORAL TALES. Set in New Type, with original Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

BUREAUCRACY. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

SONS OF THE SOIL. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

A NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF GRACE 'AGUILAR'S BOOKS. Crown 8vo, cloth.

Woman's Friendship. A Story of Domestic Life.
Home Scenes and Heart Studies.
The Vale of Cedars.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S HUNDRED BOOKS.

Order of Publication.

1. Herodotus. Translated by HENRY CARY, M.A. 3s. 5d.
2. Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist. 2s.
3. The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. 1s. 6d.
4. The Teaching of Epictetus. 1s. 6d.
5. Bacon's Essays. 1s. 6d.
6. Mill's Principles of Political Economy. 3s. 6d.
7. Carlyle's French Revolution. 3s. 6d.
8. Self-Help. By SAMUEL SMILES. 6s.
9. White's Natural History of Selborne. 3s. 6d.
10. The Pickwick Papers. By CHARLES DICKENS. 3s. 6d.
11. The Shi King—Chinese National Poetry. 3s. 6d.
12. Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. Pope's Translation. 3s. 5d.
13. Virgil's Æneid. Translated by JOHN DRYDEN. 1s. 6d.
14. Montaigne's Essays. 3s. 6d.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

THE PANORAMA OF BIRDS, BEASTS AND FISHES.

Printed in Colours by VAN LEER. Fancy boards.

TWO SHILLING AND SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.—NEW VOLUMES.

- Gaspar the Gaucho. By Captain MAYNE REID.
The Headless Horseman. Ditto.
The Vale of Cedars. By GRACE AGUILAR.
Woman's Friendship. Ditto.
Home Scenes and Heart Studies. Ditto.
A Simple Story. By MRS. INCHBALD.

ROUTLEDGE'S NEW PICTURE BOOKS.

4to, fancy boards, 2s. ; cloth, 2s. 6d.

- The Book of the Circus.
Little Wide-awake's Primer and the Child's Delight.
The Large Picture Primer and Nursery Rhymes.
Tiny's Book of the Country and Tiny's Natural History.
The Dog and Cat Picture Book.

Price One Shilling each—continued.

THE POCKET DICTIONARY. Morocco limp, gilt edges.

**ADVENTURES OF A MOUNTED TROOPER IN THE
AUSTRALIAN CONSTABULARY.** Crown 8vo,
picture cover.

Price Sixpence each.

DAY-DAWN LIBRARY.—NEW VOLUMES.

Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns for Children. 1st Series.

Mrs. Barbauld's ditto. 2nd Series.

Jeremy Spice and Other Poems.

Grasshoppers and Other Poems.

Totty's Natural History, in Words of Four Letters.

1st Series.

Totty's Natural History ditto. 2nd Series.

SIXPENNY TOY BOOKS.—NEW VOLUMES.

Printed in Colours.

Pet Animals.

The Picture Alphabet.

LARGE-SIZE SIXPENNY JUVENILES.

By MISS EDGEWORTH.

Lame Jervas.

The Limerick Gloves; and The Will.

Out of Debt Out of Danger; and The Lottery.

Murad the Unlucky; and The Manufacturers.

The Grateful Negro; and Rosanna.

The Contrast.

To-Morrow.

Forester.

Angelina.

The Knapsack; and The Prussian Vase.

The Good Aunt.

The Good French Governess.

Mademoiselle Panache.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED,

Price One Shilling each—continued.

THE BESSIE BOOKS.

Cloth, 1s. ; cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

Bessie at the Seaside.	Bessie among the Mountains.
Bessie in the City.	Bessie at School.
Bessie and her Friends.	Bessie on her Travels.

THE MILDRED SERIES.—CHEAPER EDITION.

Cloth, 1s. ; cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

Mildred Keith.	Mildred's Married Life.
Mildred and Elsie.	Mildred's Home.
Mildred at Roselands.	Mildred's Boys and Girls.

MASTER JACK SERIES—NEW VOLUME.

Boards, 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Totty's Natural History, in Words of Four Letters.

**POCKET EDITION of HARRISON AINSWORTH'S
NOVELS,** in course of issue, in 16 Monthly Volumes.

Paper Cover 1s. ; cloth, cut edges, 1s. 6d. ; half bound, 2s.

KATE GREENAWAY'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

Printed in colours by EDMUND EVANS. Boards, 1s. ; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.

HENRY MORLEY'S COMPANION POETS

1. Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.
2. A Bundle of Ballads.
3. Poems by George Wither.
4. Colonel John Hay's Pike County Ballads.
5. Southey's Roderick.
6. Dryden's Fables.
7. Playful Poems.
8. Crabbe's Poems.

LONDON, GLASGOW, MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK.

Price One Shilling.

MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES.

Demy 8vo, 288 pages, with 300 Illustrations, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

FIFTY "BAB" BALLADS.

By W. S. GILBERT. With 139 Illustrations by the Author.

Demy 8vo, paper cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

SHILLING TOY BOOKS.

Printed in Colours.

The Army.

Old Mother Hubbard.

Birds, Beasts and Fishes.

Caldecott's John Gilpin. (Booklet Edition.)

Caldecott's The Babes in the Wood. (Booklet Edition.)

The Three Bears Painting Book.

Puss in Boots Painting Book.

EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY.—NEW VOLUMES.

Cloth, 1s.

The Holiday Camp. By ST. JOHN CORBETT.

Roger Kyffins's Ward. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

The Settlers in Canada. By Captain MARRYAT.

The Privateersman. Ditto.

The Mission. Ditto.

Two Years Before the Mast. By R. H. DANA.

The Pride of the Mess. By Captain NEALE.

A Sailor's Adventures. By GERSTAECKER.

The Pirates of the Mississippi. Ditto.

RUBY SERIES.—NEW VOLUMES.

Cloth, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

An Unexpected Result. By E. P. ROE.

Patience Strong. By Mrs. WHITNEY.

The Gayworthys. Ditto.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. Ditto.

A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. Ditto.

Price Two Shillings.

PRINCE, PRINCESS AND PEOPLE.

By HENRY C. BURDETT. With Portraits, Autographs and Views. Cloth.

ROUTLEDGE'S TWO SHILLING JUVENILE BOOKS.—NEW VOLUMES.

The Cherry Stones. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS. With 24 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

The First of June By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS. With 24 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

Patience Strong. By Mrs. WHITNEY.

The Gayworthys. Ditto.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. Ditto.

A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. Ditto.

The Vale of Cedars. By GRACE AGUILAR.

Woman's Friendship. Ditto.

Home Scenes and Heart Studies. Ditto.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence each.

ROUTLEDGE'S ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.

New Series. Illustrated, cloth, cut edges.

Frank. By MARIA EDGEWORTH. With 24 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

Harry and Lucy. Ditto. Ditto.

Rosamond. Ditto. Ditto.

Elf By Mrs. ADAMS-ACTON.

Put to the Test. Ditto.

Grimm's Eastern Tales.

Holiday Tasks. By Mrs. O'REILLY.

Play and Earnest. Ditto.

The Billow and the Rock. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The Peasant and the Prince. Ditto.

The Magic Ring. By FOUQUÉ.

Minstrel Love. Ditto.

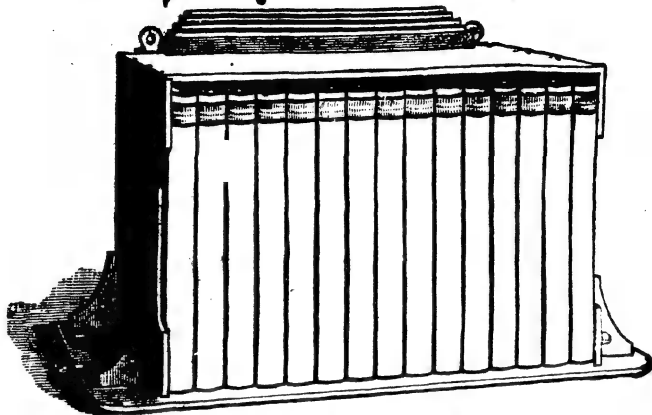
Romantic Fiction. Ditto.

Thiodolf the Iclander. Ditto.

Wild Love. Ditto.

Aunt Jane's Hero. By Mrs. PRENTISS.

Fifteen Volumes in an Oak Bookcase.



MORLEY'S UNIVERSAL LIBRARY.

Price One Guinea and a Half.

MORLEY'S UNIVERSAL LIBRARY.

SIXTY-THREE VOLUMES, 1/6 EACH, CLOTH ; OR, HALF-PARCHMENT GILT TOPS, 2/.

"Marvels of clear type and general neatness."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

1. SHERIDAN'S PLAYS.
2. PLAYS FROM MOLIERE.
3. MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS AND GOETHE'S FAUST.
4. CHRONICLE OF THE CID.
5. RABELAIS' GARGANTUA, AND THE HEROIC DEEDS OF PANTAGRUEL.
6. THE PRINCE. By MACHIAVELLI.
7. BACON'S ESSAYS.
8. DE FOE'S JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR.
9. LOCKE ON TOLERATION AND ON CIVIL GOVERNMENT; WITH SIR ROBERT FILMER'S PATRIARCHIA.
10. BUTLER'S ANALOGY OF RELIGION.
11. DRYDEN'S VII
12. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.
13. HERRICK'S HESPERIDES.
14. COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK, Etc.
15. BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON.
16. STERNE'S TRISTRAM SHANDY.
17. CHAPMAN'S HOMER'S ILIAD.
18. MEDIÆVAL TALES.

MORLEY'S UNIVERSAL LIBRARY.

19. JOHNSON'S RASSELAS; AND VOLTAIRE'S CANDIDE.
20. PLAYS AND POEMS BY BEN JONSON.
21. HOBBS'S LEVIATHAN.
22. BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.
23. IDEAL COMMONWEALTHS.
24. CAVENDISH'S LIFE OF WOLSEY.
- 25 & 26. DON QUIXOTE (Two Volumes).
27. BURLESQUE PLAYS AND POEMS.
28. DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY. LONGFELLOW'S Translation.
29. GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, Etc.
30. FABLES AND PROVERBS FROM THE SANSKRIT.
31. CHARLES LAMB'S ESSAYS OF ELIA.
32. THE HISTORY OF THOMAS ELLWOOD.
33. EMERSON'S ESSAYS, REPRESENTATIVE MEN, Etc.
34. SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON.
35. DE QUINCEY'S OPIUM-EATER, Etc.
36. STORIES OF IRELAND. By MARIA EDGEWORTH.
37. ARISTOPHANES—THE KNIGHTS, THE ACHARNIANS,
AND THE BIRDS.
38. SPEECHES AND LETTERS OF EDMUND BURKE.
39. IMITATION OF CHRIST—THOMAS À KEMPIS.
40. POPULAR SONGS OF IRELAND.
41. THE PLAYS OF ÆSCHYLUS.
42. GOETHE'S FAUST.—SECOND PART.
43. FAMOUS PAMPHLETS.
44. THE PLAYS OF SOPHOCLES.
45. TALES OF TERROR AND WONDER.
46. VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.
47. THE BARONS' WARS, ETC. BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.
48. COBBETT'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN. [SAYER.
49. THE BANQUET OF DANTE. Translated by ELIZABETH PRICE
50. WALKER'S ORIGINAL.
51. POEMS AND BALLADS BY SCHILLER
52. PEELE'S PLAYS AND POEMS.
53. HARRINGTON'S OCEANA.
54. EURIPIDES, ALCESTIS, AND OTHER PLAYS.
55. ESSAYS. By WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.
56. TRADITIONAL TALES. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
57. HOOKER'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY. Books I. to IV.
58. EURIPIDES—THE BACCHANALS, AND OTHER PLAYS.
59. IZAAK WALTON'S LIVES.
60. ARISTOTLE ON GOVERNMENT.
61. EURIPIDES—HECUBA, AND OTHER PLAYS.
62. RABELAIS—SEQUEL TO PANTAGRUE.
63. A MISCELLANY.

ROUTLEDGE'S BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE

(With which is incorporated THE EXCELSIOR SERIES),

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 2s. each.
Crown 8vo, Paper Covers, 1/6 each.

- 1 **Macaulay's Essays and Lays of Ancient Rome.** Complete Edition. 924 pages.
- 2 **The Spectator.** Complete Edition, reproducing the original text. Edited by Professor H. MORLEY. 944 pages.
- 3 **Carlyle's French Revolution.** Complete Edition.
- 4 ——— **Sartor Resartus, Heroes, and Hero Worship, Past and Present.**
- 5 ——— **Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.**
- 6 **Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.** Complete Edition. 832 pages.
- 7 **Anne Bowman's New Cookery Book.** Two Coloured Plates. 635 pages. (Without the coloured plates, cloth limp, 1s.)
- 8 **Cruden's Concordance to the Old and New Testaments.** Edited by the Rev. C. S. CAREY.
- 9 **Wise Sayings of the Great and Good.**
- 10 **Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom.**
- 11 **Foxe's Book of Martyrs.** Abridged from Milner's Large Edition, by T. A. BUCKLEY.
- 12 **Robinson Crusoe.** With 52 Plates by J. D. WATSON.
- 13 **Gulliver's Travels into several Remote Regions of the World.** SWIFT.
- 14 **Arabian Nights' Entertainments.**
- 15 **Adventures of Don Quixote.**
- 16 **Southey's Life of Nelson.**
- 17 **Josephus.** Translated by WHISTON.
- 18 **Book of Epigrams.** W. D. ADAMS.
- 19 **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**
- 20 **Life of Napoleon.** CHARLES MACFARLANE.
- 21 **Curiosities of Literature.** ISAAC D'ISRAELI.
- 22 **Amenities of Literature.** Do.
- 23 **Miscellanies of Literature.** Do.
- 24 **Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.** (Centenary Edition.)
- 25 **Orbs of Heaven.** O. M. MITCHELL.
- 26 **Bogatky's Golden Treasury.**
- 27 **The Breakfast Table Series, including the Autocrat, The Professor, and the Poet.** O. W. HOLMES.
- 28 **Æsop's Fables.** Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR.
- 29 **Milman's History of the Jews.**
- 30 **Lord Lytton's Pamphlets and Sketches.**
- 31 **The Waverley Anecdotes.**
- 32 **Lord Lytton's England and the English.**
- 33 **Babelais' Works.** Edited by HENRY MORLEY.
- 34, 35, 36 **Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.** 3 vols.
- 37, 38, 39 ——— **History of the Conquest of Mexico.** 3 vols.
- 40, 41, 42 ——— **History of the Conquest of Peru.** 3 vols.
- 43, 44, 45 ——— **History of the Reign of Philip II.** 3 vols.
- 46, 47 ——— **History of the Reign of Charles V.** 2 vols.
- 48 ——— **Critical and Historical Essays.**
- 49 **The Pickwick Papers.** By CHARLES DICKENS.
- 50 **Principles of Political Economy.** By JOHN STUART MILL.

ROUTLEDGE'S POETS FOR THE PEOPLE

(With which is Incorporated THE EXCELSIOR SERIES),

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 2s. each. Crown 8vo, Paper Covers, 1/6 each.

- 1 **Shakspeare.** Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT, with Portrait and 63 page plates
by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. 832 pages.
- 2 **Longfellow's Poetical Works.** Complete Edition, with 126 Copyright
- 3 **Scott's Poetical Works.** 640 pages. [Poems. 762 pages.
- 4 **Byron's Poetical Works.** 752 pages.
- 5 **Burns's Poetical Works.** 512 pages.
- 6 **The Ingoldsby Legends.** 512 pages, with 22 Illustrations from Designs by
CRUIKSHANK and LEECH.
- 7 **Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.** POPE'S Translation.
- 8 **Moore's Poetical Works.** With Memoir by CHARLES KENT.
- 9 **Bret Harte's Poetical Works.**
- 10 **Mrs. Hemans' Poetical Works.**
- 11 **Hood's Poetical Works, Serious and Comic.** 528 pages.
- 12 **Shelley's Poetical Works.** With Memoir by W. B. SCOTT.
- 13 **Shakspeare Gems: Extracts,** specially designed for Youth.
- 14 **Cowper's Poetical Works.**
- 15 **Milton's Poetical Works.** From the Text of Dr. NEWTON.
- 16 **Sacred Poems: Devotional and Moral.**
- 17 **Choice Poems and Lyrics.** Beautiful pieces from 130 Poets.
- 18 **Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.**
- 19 **Book of British Ballads.** Edited by S. C. HALL.
- 20 **Holmes's Poetical Works.**
- 21 **Lowell's Poetical Works.**
- 22 **Willis's Poetical Works.**
- 23 **Marlowe's Faustus and Goethe's Faust.** Complete.
- 24 **Poems.** By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
- 25 **Doubtful Plays of Shakspeare.** Edited by HAZLITT.
- 26 **Byron's Don Juan.**
- 27 **Lord Lytton's King Arthur.**
- 28 **The New Timon.**
- 29 **Dante's Divine Comedy.** LONGFELLOW'S Translation, with Notes.
- 30 **Whittier's Poetical Works.**
- 31 **Bryant's Poetical Works.**

The following Volumes are in preparation:

- 32 **Campbell's Poetical Works.**
- 33 **Coleridge's Poetical Works.**
- 34 **Dodd's Beauties of Shakspeare.**
- 35 **Herbert's Poetical Works.**
- 36 **Keats' Poetical Works.**
- 37 **Poe's Poetical Works.**
- 38 **Pope's Poetical Works.**
- 39 **Wordsworth's Poetical Works.**
- 40 **Schiller and Horace.** Translated by Lord LYTTON.
- 41 **Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.**
- 42 **Kehle's The Christian Year.**
- 43 **Virgil's Aeneid.** Translated by DRYDEN.
- 44 **Batler's Hudibras.**
- 45 **Harriok's Poems.**
- 46 **Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century.**
- 47 **Spenser's Faerie Queene.**
- 48 **Dryden's Poetical Works.**
- 49 **Southey's Poetical Works.**
- 50 **The Book of Familiar Quotations.**

